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MARCH 15

VOGUE

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MARCH 15, 1963

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: The newest—and most dazzling—kind of waistcoat is the one that's fur. Here, a little mink vest, sleeveless, soft as swan's down, and very, very pale—which is a lovely complexion for a spring fur to have. Sub-waistcoat, more news: an easy long-pull shirt dress that's palomino-coloured. "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale-beige mink waistcoat, designed by Emeric Partos, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress by Ellen Brooke, of textured silk, about $90. Laguna earrings. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure by Ruel of Coiffures Americana. The soft, blued-pink lipstick: Pink Parfait, by Du Barry.

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

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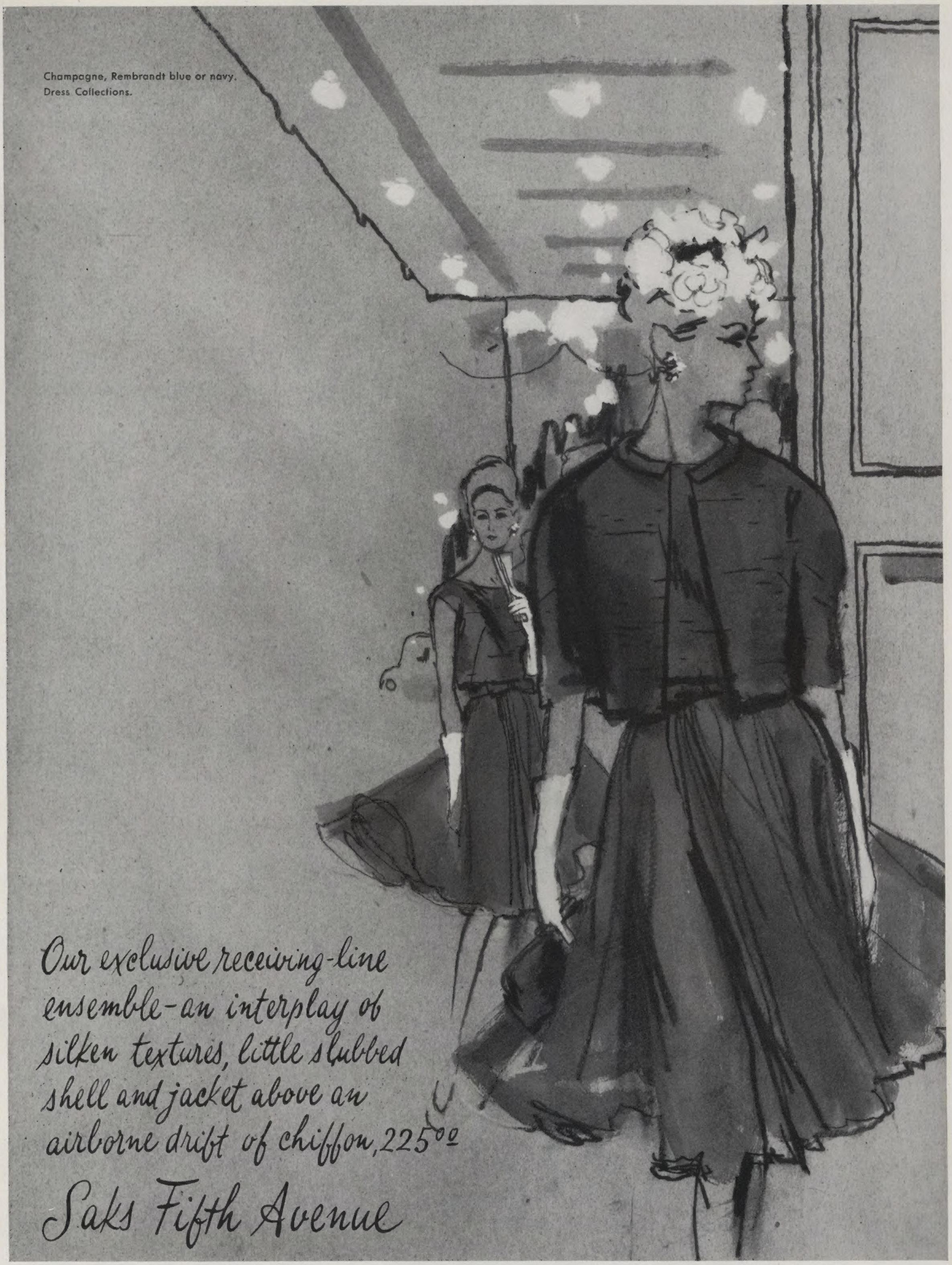


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the lacquer red of this
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ravishing, pale-water tints

of pink coral, blue sky or mint—

ebbing and flowing like a

small private tide of excitement.

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The California Look starts with your eyes...

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Rogers places you there in a long slimming skimmer of nylon tricot. This enchanting evening primrose print is in soft pink, yellow and blue. #1899. Sizes small, medium and large. About $10.95. Many Rogers styles are fashion coordinated with Formfit bras and girdles. The best stores carry Rogers. Rogers Lingerie, a Fashion Division of Genesco, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York.



This Spring's new bubbly-textured wool in a made-just-for-you look. Tailored to Tiny, Typical and Tall sizes. 8 to 20. About $80. Other HS&M suits from $75 to $125.

Blue Mist...styled by Andreas

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There's still nothing newer in fashion than natural wool knitted in America.

great coat in honey, red, navy, dresden blue, willow green, about $70. Mandarin-styled three-piece costume in nut brown/white, navy/white, red/white, willow/white, about $70. Both in sizes 8 to 20. Pebble knit three-piece suit, in grey, beige, navy, red, nut brown, about $50. "Trotteur" costume in navy/red, beige/nut brown, grey/grey, about $70. Both available in sizes 8 to 20 and 12½ to 22½.

For store listing, see page 160. For further information, write Domani, Dept. WJ-163, 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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ALADDIN *captures all the sparkle of spring in this sleeveless jersey of "Antron" nylon. Pulsating with color—the brilliant fruit print that looks freshly painted! Light. Soft to touch. And "Antron" washes, dries, dazzles again in minutes! Fruit print in green/pink/yellow or blue/red/yellow. Sizes 10 to 16. About $7. At Filene's, Boston; Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Burdine's, Miami; Lord & Taylor, New York; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester and branches; Vandevers, Tulsa.*

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRIC OR BLOUSE SHOWN.



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Printemps

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PRINTEMPS COAT OF SILK, AND SCARF, AVAILABLE AT ELIZABETH ARDEN'S OWN SALON © 1963 ELIZABETH ARDEN

Elizabeth Arden
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Available at:
Bloomingdale's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago;
B. Forman Co., Rochester; Shillito's, Cincinnati;
Gladding's, Providence; The Higbee Co., Cleveland
and other fine stores.



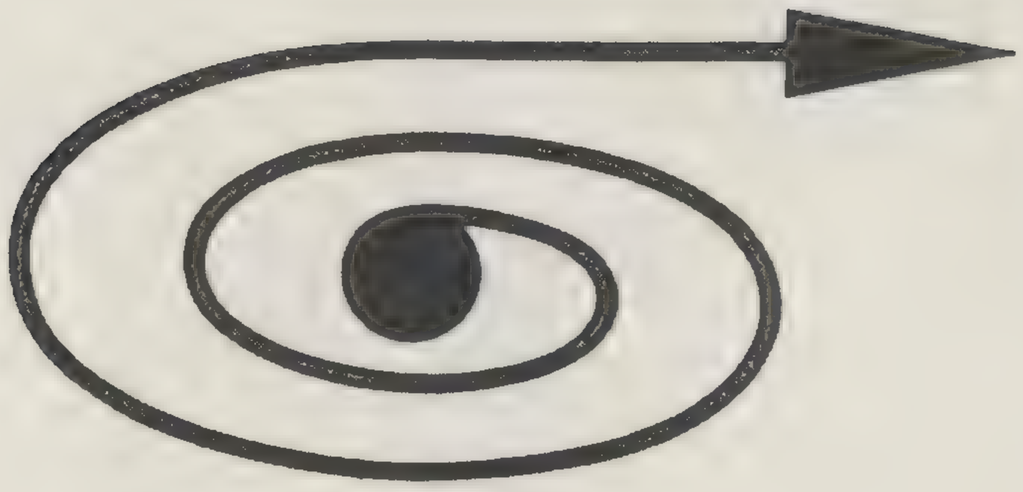
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Natural Treasure™ bra, 5.00
Girdle, 10.00
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...that Peter Pan look

The figure you want is in every Peter Pan bra • girdle • swimsuit

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This is a corporate symbol. In general, it signifies action. Specifically it identifies Genesco — a fast-moving company that is the world's largest supplier of apparel and footwear in the combined areas of manufacturing and retailing.

Genesco is a name that should be familiar to anyone in the fashion business. To you it may mean intimate apparel — Formfit bras and girdles, Rogers lingerie or Rutledge pajamas, for instance. Or footwear . . . I. Miller, Delman, Christian Dior, Mademoiselle, Mannequin or Cover Girl (if you're a woman) . . . Johnston & Murphy, Jarman, Douglas or Ritchie (if you're a man). Or, it may mean men's clothing — suits, jackets, slacks or topcoats — made by L. Greif & Bro.

Then, again, you may think of perfume. Le De and L'Interdit by Givenchy, Millot's Insolent and Crepe de Chine, and Lubin's Nuit de Longchamps are all part of the Genesco family.

Or, if your mind runs mostly to retailing, you'll know these Genesco stores — Bonwit Teller, Henri Bendel, Gidding's and Jenny's or Whitehouse & Hardy, Roger Kent and Frank Bros. — Fenn-Feinstein.

Genesco takes pride in knowing people — what they want, and what they think. To check this "pulse" Genesco talks and listens — to its customers, designers, suppliers, consumers — to people all over the world. Genesco keeps an eye on fashion to see what's new and what's in vogue . . . and what's new is always in VOGUE. *Genesco Knows People.*

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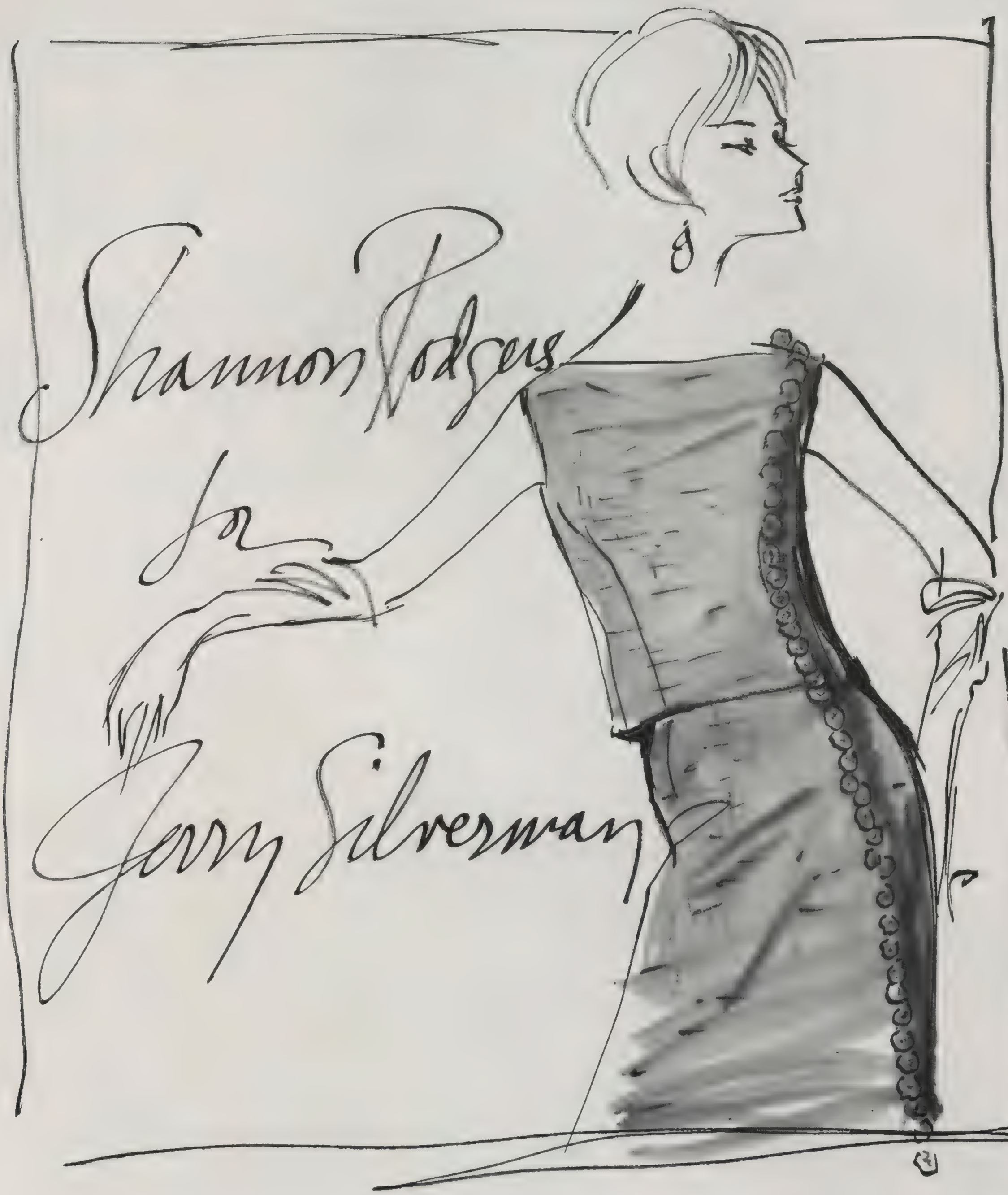
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THE FASHION TEMPO U.S.A.

...calls for an eased shaping of shamrock green textured silk, streaming with well-cultivated shamrocks-in-print. Sizes 6 to 16. By Shannon Rodgers for JERRY SILVERMAN



WOODWARD & LOTHROP
WASHINGTON



For fine stores and details see page 164.



There's a secret code in Cameo stockings
put there expressly for spies

Even if you looked closely—or with a magnifying glass—at the toe or heel of a Cameo stocking, it is hardly possible that you would see the secret code woven into it in tiny, barely visible stitches.

There are spies in all our mills, however—as well as in our laboratories in Burlington, North Carolina—who are constantly checking our stockings to be sure only perfect ones leave the mill. And they can tell, from reading the code, the size of the stocking, the particular day of the year on which it was made, the plant in which it came into being, and the very machine on which it took shape.

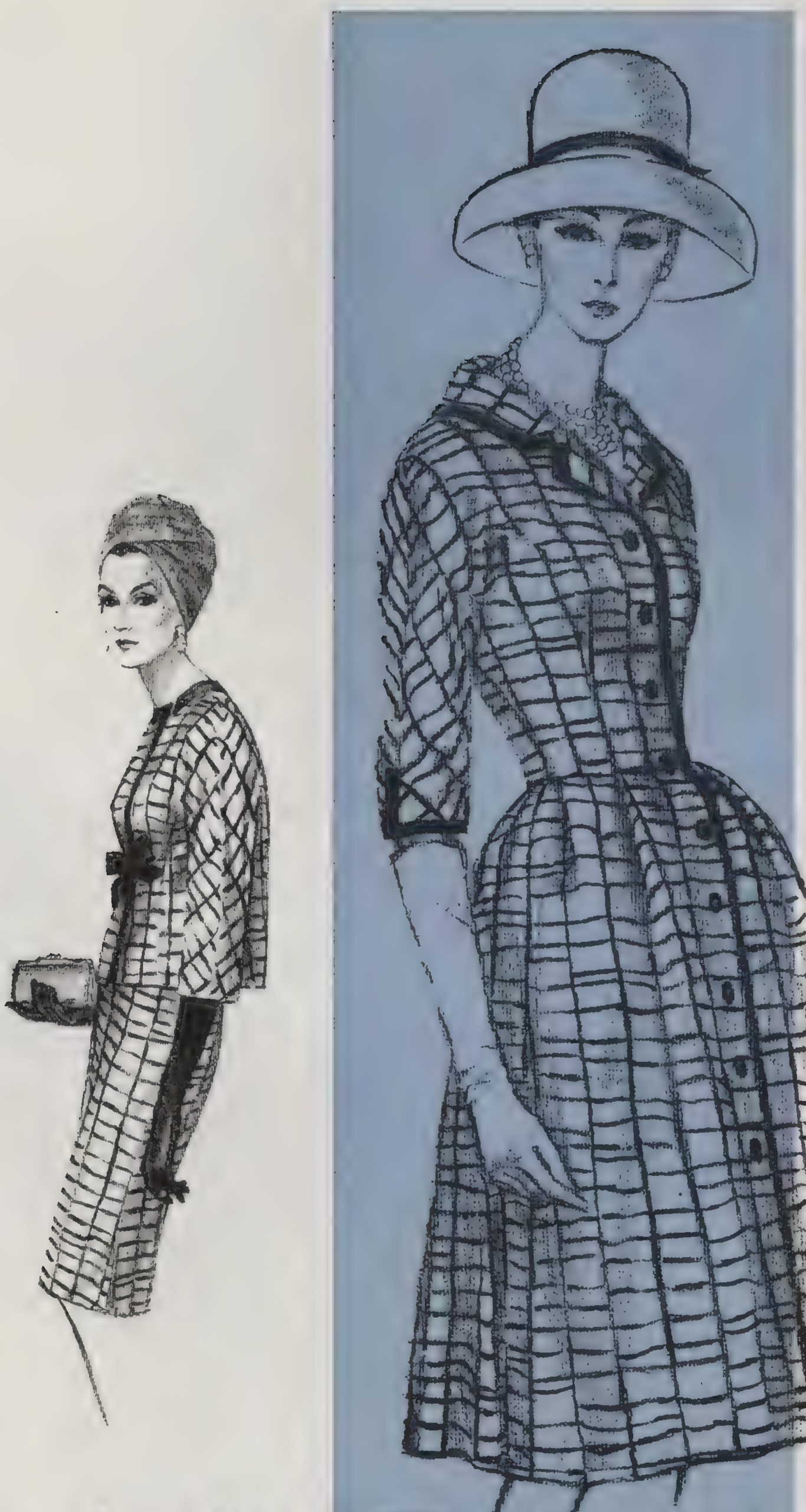
Why this code?

Because stockings which carry the Cameo name are just about the most carefully made stockings you can buy. And the code is part of our Quality Control System—so, that, if our "spies," who look for flaws in every batch of stockings, find one, they not only know where to go to correct it but are able to catch every stocking in that particular selection before it goes to market.

That is why it is almost impossible to buy an imperfect pair of Cameo stockings. That is also why every pair of Cameo stockings can be sold with satisfaction guaranteed. Burlington Hosiery Company, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. A Division of Burlington Industries. Bur-Mil

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Skiing and after-skiing at St. Moritz, Switzerland

The new lift at St. Moritz this season is an aerial cable car rising halfway to the "upstairs playground" of Piz Corvatsch, high ski slopes formerly reached by hours of climbing or by a twelve-minute helicopter hop. (Next season, this lift will span the peak.) As frequent snowfalls powdered a packed base, there have been excellent snow conditions for such great sporting events as the Piz Nair Gold Trophy, a downhill ski race; the Weisse Band Race, downhill and slalom skiing; and the Grand National, a race of one-man, belly-hopping, steel-skeleton sleds on the Cresta Run. Après-ski life revolves around the glistening village and especially around the Palace Hotel—its bar, bowling lanes, and card room, in which there hangs a Raphael. Parties go full swing every night: at the Palace, at Suvretta House, at private chalets, and at Chesa Veglia, an elegant *stube* for dining, dancing, and, this year, bowling. By funicular and helicopter, members ride up to the cliff-hanging Corviglia Club for skiing, lunching on the sun-hot terrace, and occasional moonlight parties. After these parties, experts ski down by torchlight, their flying silhouettes bright against the snow.



1



2



3



4

1. Skiing at the Corviglia Club, Mrs. Nicholas Mavroleon and Mrs. Herbert von Karajan. 2. Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza at the opening of the Chesa Veglia Club's new bowling lanes. 3. Before the board marking the Corviglia runs, *left to right*, Baronne Guy de Rothschild with Baron Erwein Gecmen-Waldek, the manager of the Corviglia Club, and Count Theo Rossi di Montelera. 4. Miss Monina von Opel.



5



6



7



8



9



10

5. At the Corviglia Club, *left to right*, Mrs. Stavros Niarchos, Count Brando Brandolini, Mr. Stavros Niarchos. 6. Miss Corinna Dixon. 7. Mrs. Antenor Patino giving a prize to Miss Mary Christine del Amo, *right*, Prince Constantin von Liechtenstein. 8. H.I.H. Princess Fatameh of Iran with her husband, General Mohammed Khatami. 9. H.R.H. Prince Gonzalo de Borbón with Mlle. Anne de Caumont. 10. Lunching on the terrace, *left to right*, Prince and Princess Alvaro de Orléans-Borbón and their son, Alvaro, with Prince Alfonso de Borbón, the Marchioness of Blandford, and Mrs. Ernest Kanzler.

Our newsy silk with the texture of linen

holds the line of its subtle shaping by intricate triple bias cut and firm but soft lining of Si Bonne rayon. Designed by N. S. Petites in black, shocking, pale turquoise, 6 to 14, **$65**

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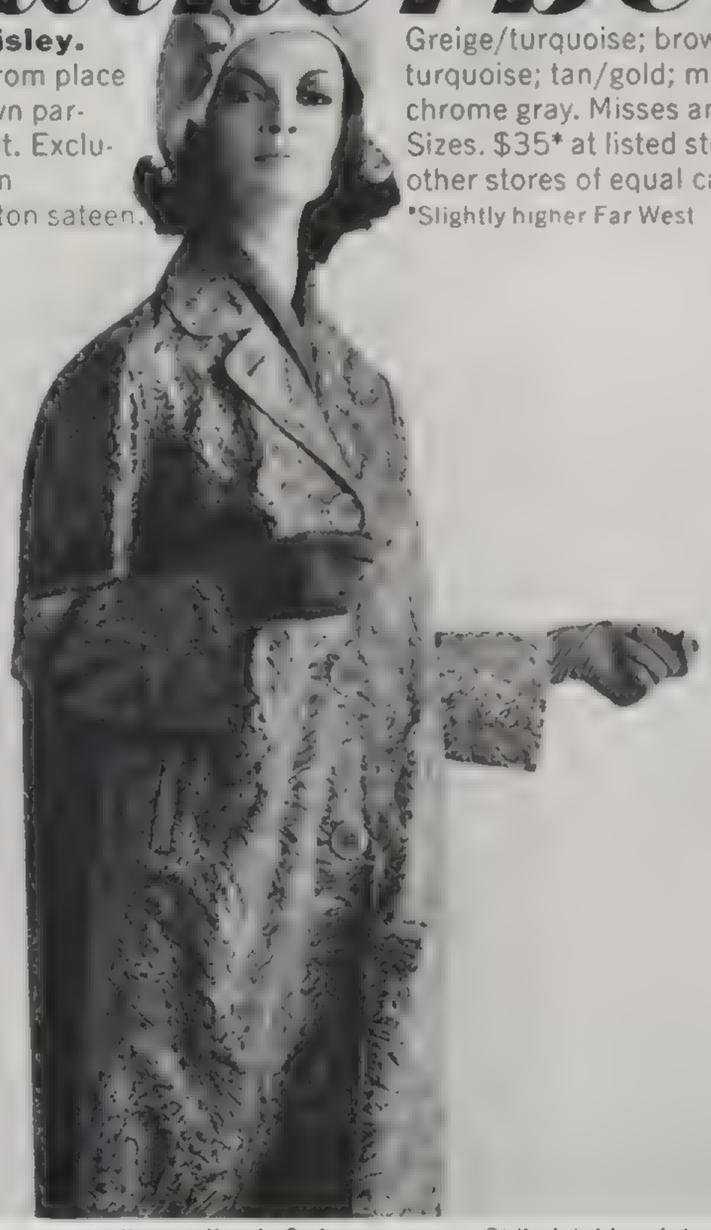


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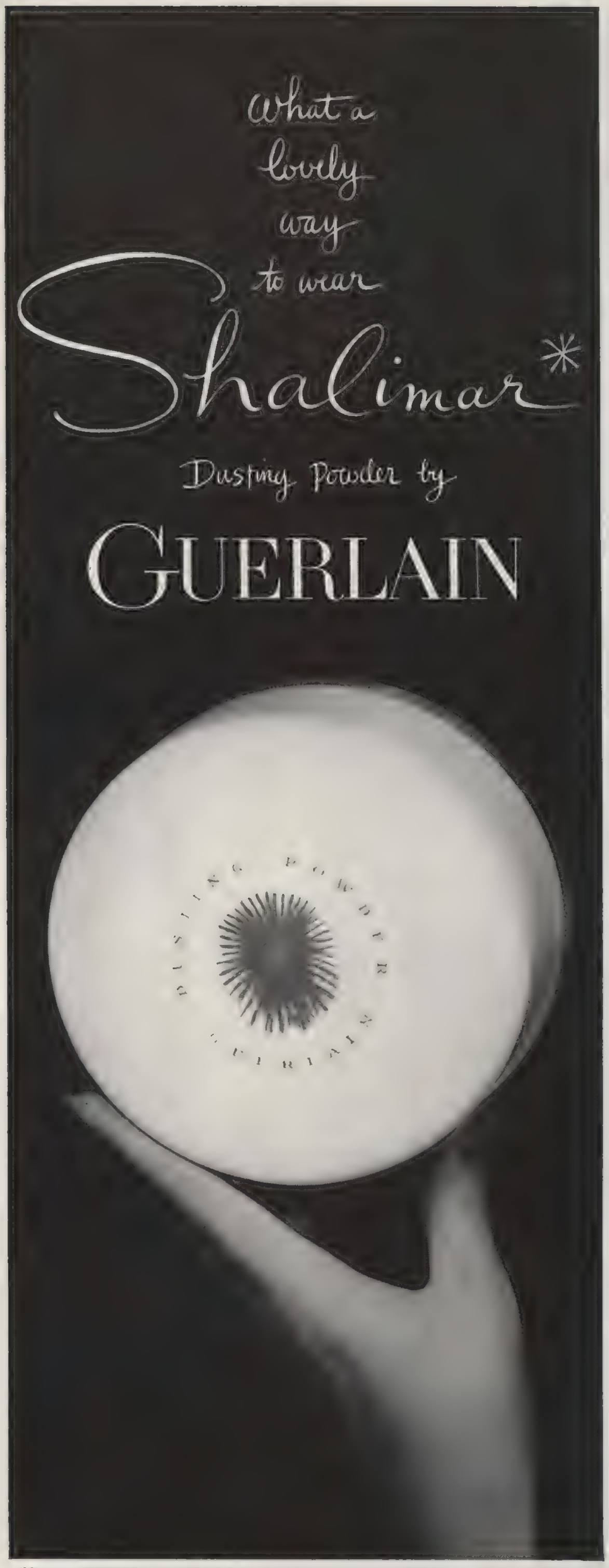
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Greige/turquoise; brown/turquoise; tan/gold; monochrome gray. Misses and Junior Sizes. $35* at listed stores and other stores of equal calibre.
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Philadelphia—John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Providence, R. I.—Gladdings
Rockford, Ill.—D. J. Stewart
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ANKLE-LENGTH BIKINI

Once-over lightly with lace

BRUCE DAVIDSON



Delicious—lace and bareness in the exuberant manner of the palazzo pyjama: bikini top, cut-away skirt slashed up to a huge mauve-pink bow, and—unseen—a back-buttoned cardigan. Skirt, top, of yellow paper taffeta, striped with bands of white Valenciennes cotton lace, hand-embroidered in Switzerland; jacket of yellow textured silk. By Jane Derby, at Henri Bendel. Joseph Fleischer hairpiece. Photographed in Yucatán (for more about Mexico, see pages 146-155).



Amsterdam's Amstel River. KLM now offers tours to Amsterdam and other European cities for just $5 a day. Clip coupon.

Fly to Amsterdam with reliable KLM—a flight engineer double-checks 369 points before your KLM jet takes off

(For more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch—read on)

HERE are some facts that may surprise you—about KLM's extra fuel supply, exclusive sky space, and instruments that check the instruments that check the instruments in your jet.

Plus several other good reasons why experienced travelers say that the careful, punctual Dutch have made KLM the most *reliable* of all airlines.

(You'll also find out about a brand-new color booklet that KLM is giving away—20 pages of tours and cruises and stopover plans.)

1. Technicians spend 52,000 man-hours a year keeping each KLM jet in tip-top condition. Immediately before takeoff, your flight engineer double-checks the maintenance crew's work—123 points outside the plane, 177 in the cockpit, and 69 in the cabin. He even makes sure the coffee makers are working perfectly.

2. KLM uses $4 million worth of equipment to check instruments on your jet. And every 30 days, all the instruments that *test* the instruments are also tested at KLM. Just to be sure.

3. Every KLM transatlantic jet carries enough fuel to fly an extra 1,000 miles. Another precaution: Your KLM jet crosses the Atlantic in its own exclusive piece of sky. Which means that you are surrounded by 72,000 square miles of *reserved* air space—an area the size of Florida.

4. On first class, KLM provides you with a $1,500 seat, reading lamp, and padded footrest. You also get all the champagne you can sip and superb meals masterminded by some of Europe's most talented chefs. Even KLM's economy-class menus include items like filet mignon, poulet de grain rôti, or dindonneau à la catalane.

Tax-free shopping

Most canny travelers make it a point to visit Amsterdam Airport's tax-free shopping center before they head home. *Shrewd planning.*

You can buy perfume, Swiss watches, German cameras, and 150 brands of liquor often at less than *half* what you pay in the U.S. And you can save up to $3,000 on a foreign car.

Another thrifty note: Drive-yourself car rental rates in Amsterdam are a good deal lower than in any other European city.

Free booklet of European summer tours

A new 20-page booklet of color photographs and useful touring information has just come out.

KLM's *"Gateway to Travel Enchantment"* gives facts and figures on summer tours to Europe, air-sea cruises to the Mediterranean, group fares, charter flights, tax-free shopping, and KLM's famous stopover plans.

To get a free copy, see your travel agent or mail the coupon below.

For information, see your travel agent, call KLM, or mail coupon.

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V-5

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RINSES IN ■ SHAMPOOS OUT

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Want to give your newly bleached hair a petal-soft blonde tone?
■ Then discover Fanci-full: ask your hairdresser
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Fanci-full gives your hair lovely new color — instantly.



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NATURAL COLORS FOR GRAY HAIR —
TONING COLORS FOR BLEACHED HAIR



How to look dynamic in a hammock
(and not be thinking of shrinking)

Yesterday you washed it. Today it looks lovely . . . and so do you. **SANFORIZED** *kept it lovely—kept the fit, kept the freshness. Bill Atkinson remembered the famous "Sanforized" trademark when he designed this new dress for* **GLEN OF MICHIGAN.** *It's made of the finest checked cotton, made with full inner construction . . . but best of all, it's made to be washed. No dry cleaning, yet no shrinkage. "Sanforized" saw to that. The "Moon Spectator," in red-and-white and blue-and-white, about $45.00. Sizes 8 to 16. At Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; I. Magnin, West Coast; Halle's, Cleveland; Hudson's, Detroit; and other fine stores.*

•SANFORIZED•
TRADE ® MARK

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., PERMITS USE OF ITS TRADEMARK "SANFORIZED", ADOPTED IN 1930, ONLY ON FABRICS WHICH MEET THIS COMPANY'S RIGID SHRINKAGE REQUIREMENTS. FABRICS BEARING THE TRADEMARK "SANPORIZED" WILL NOT SHRINK MORE THAN 1% BY THE GOVERNMENT'S STANDARD TEST.

Only genuine patent leather is skin-deep.

Deep down, there's nothing like genuine patent leather

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But some things never change. Like the unequalled ability of a genuine patent leather shoe to hold its shape. Like the exquisite grain found only in genuine patent leather. Like the comfort of genuine patent leather. Like the feeling of luxury you have when you wear the recognized, unchallenged best.

Remember, all that glitters isn't Genuine Patent Leather. So, if you're not sure that the shiny new shoes you're about to buy are made of genuine patent leather—ask!

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Don't wash the hat—it might shrink

. . . But trust those "Sanforized" dresses! Children grow out of a size soon enough; you've got to make sure the size doesn't shrink away from them! *How? Always look for the* **SANFORIZED** *label.* **JOSEPH LOVE** *knows that "Sanforized" means fabric that won't shrink out of size or fit. For instance, this blue chambray denim. The stitched pleated skirt with red pin-dot sash, sizes 2-4T, about $6.00; sizes 3-6x, about $8.00; sizes 7-14, about $9.00. The shift look with side kick pleats, sizes 2-4T and 2-6x, about $8.00; sizes 7-14, about $9.00. At Best & Co., New York; Lytton's, Chicago; Burdine's, Miami; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Hudson's, Detroit; and fine stores everywhere.*

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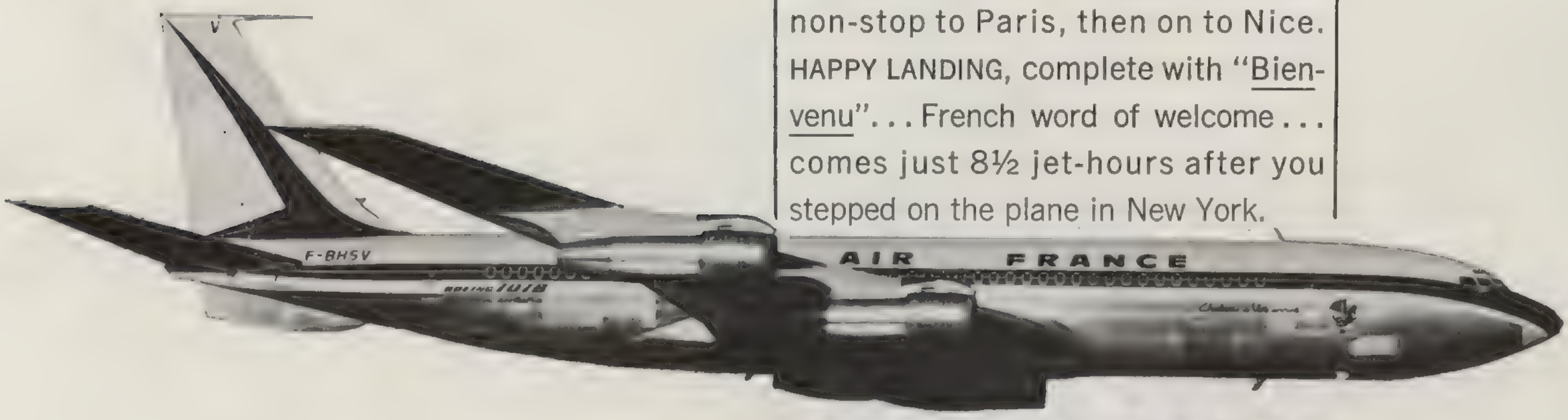
the marvels of france

Every visitor to France comes back with his own unforgettable scene, his own personal marvel...each a memory of sound, fragrance, emotion.

This page is dedicated to all those who know France as a country of perfectionists...if not actual marvel-ists. The portfolio of pages following is devoted to the marvels of the products of France, the marvels of the French menu, the marvels of French landmarks.

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CHAMONIX MONT-BLANC

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LA BAULE
Hôtel HERMITAGE
Castel MARIE-LOUISE

AIX-LES-BAINS
Hôtel SPLENDID
Hôtel ASTORIA

Ouverts toute l'année :

CANNES
Hôtel MAJESTIC
Hôtel MONTFLEURY

CHAMONIX
Hôtel SAVOY

DEAUVILLE
Hôtel NORMANDY

Dans chaque Station, CASINO (Roulette, Trente et Quarante, Baccara) et PARCOURS DE GOLF.



DEAUVILLE



AIX-LES-BAINS



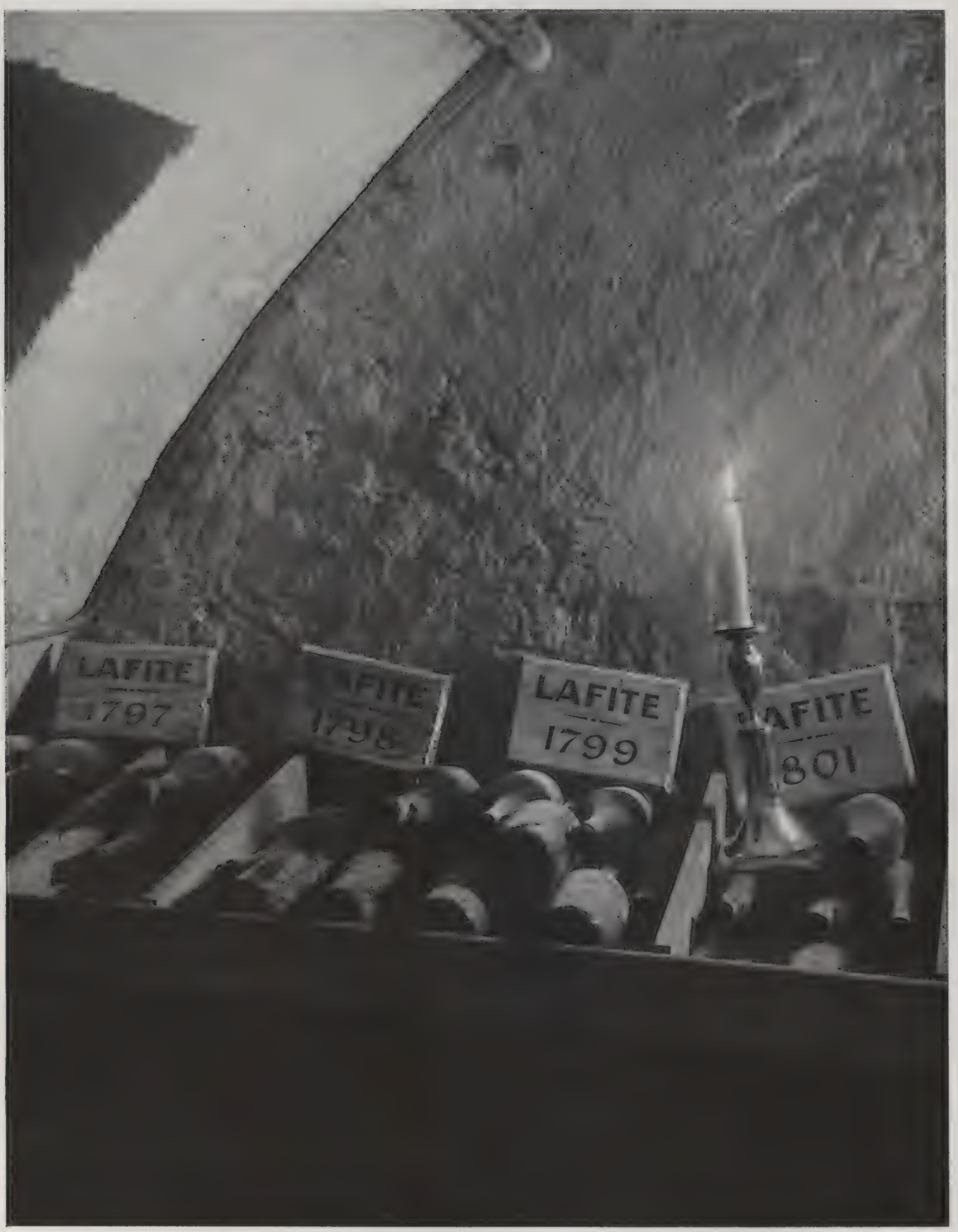
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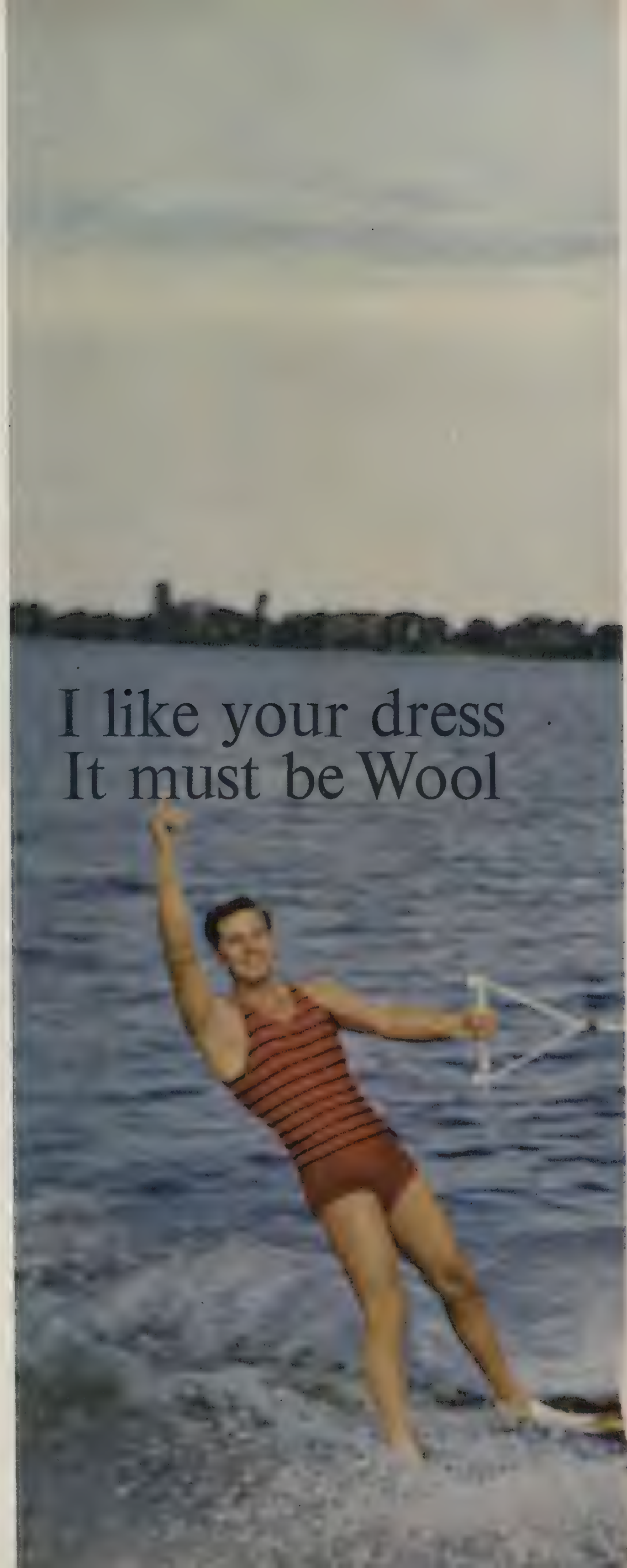
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Shroyer's Inc. costume of Folker Fabrics' Fortrel polyester and cotton. Sizes 12-20 and 12½-24½. Navy, green, grey, or aqua print. About $18 at Franklin Simon, New York; Dewees, Philadelphia; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington.



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Fortrel . . . a Celanese contemporary fiber

EMBA MINK JEWELS—RARE AND RADIANT FURS OF

On mink's calendar now—the "little furs," new imperatives of spring travel and air-conditioned summers. Newest "in" colors for these little mink joys—pale, luminous and delectable. Soft-voiced beiges, misted taupes, cloud colors, the wondrous lavenders. They are the EMBA lights—subtly and superbly right with the lightening fashion spectrum. Five of these extraordinary natural colors are the rarest mink jewels, each representing less than one per cent of the world's mink: lavender beige ARCTURUS;* blue beige MORNING LIGHT;* blue-grey AZURENE;* taupe AEOLIAN* Breath of Spring; pale beige TOURMALINE* Breath of Spring. All, EMBA mink—and a woman might never be seen to more radiant advantage than in their ravishing light. ***Top*—Beautiful and bubbly, a cabochon capelet of rare AEOLIAN Breath of Spring. EMBA mink from America—the world's finest. *Center*—The great light compliment of our time: the wrap stole. Here, with a soufflé neckline, in the rarest EMBA: ARCTURUS. *Below*—One of the EMBA luminaries, TOURMALINE, in a small jacket delicacy of curviest cut and collaring.** The Little Furs shown are available in EMBA "Rare Mink Jewels" and other natural EMBA mink colors at these favored stores:

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Wm. H. Block Co. . . . Indianapolis, Ind.
Burdine's . . . . . Miami, Fla.
Cownie's . Des Moines, Iowa; Omaha, Neb.
Famous-Barr Co. . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
B. Forman Co. . . . . Rochester, N. Y.
Julius Garfinkel . . . . Washington, D. C.
Goldwater's . . . . . Phoenix, Ariz.
Hahne & Co. . . . . Newark, N. J.
J. L. Hudson Co. . . . . Detroit, Mich.
Hutzler's . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Kaufmann's . . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lazarus . . . . . Columbus, Ohio
Morton's . . . . . Boston, Mass.
Rich's . . . . . Atlanta, Ga.
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See next page for other leading stores featuring these EMBA "Little Furs."



THE NEW SEASON

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Wichita, Kansas ..... Lewins
York, Pa. ..... Andes Furs

IN VOGUE

APRIL 1:

eight pages
of
punch-line accessories
to change
the
fashion impact
of this year's clothes.
AND:
a beauty bulletin
with new ideas
on how to
duck the traps
in travel.

The Chambre Syndicale de la Couture has requested that all publications showing Paris models from this collection publish the following line, to apply to all models shown: "Copyrighted model—reproduction forbidden." Of course, this does not apply to shops and makers who have bought the original models.

Round-the-Clock stockings fit better at the thigh. They come in more sizes than any other stockings. They're never too long, never too short. Round-the-Clock stockings fit so well they almost stay up without garters.

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For the store nearest you, write to:
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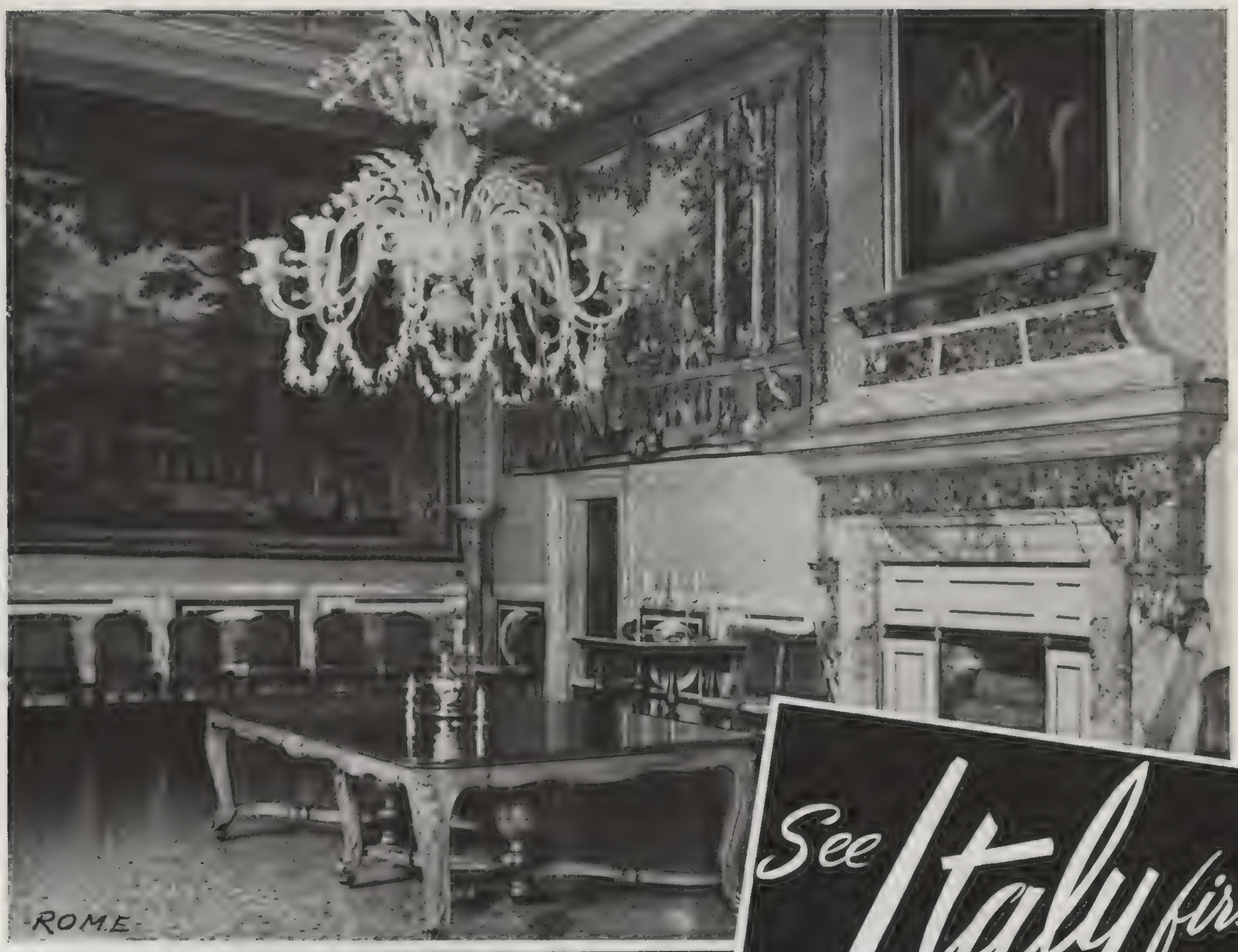
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This is no hot-house flower.
It's washable Arnel surah.

It only looks as if it needs pampering. The fabric is so rich. The print so lovely. But this blouse is Arnel surah—and it thrives on little care. You can even whirl it through the washer, then lightly press. There! It has that pampered look again. Majorette's overblouse of A. P. Silk's Arnel triacetate surah. Sizes 32-38. Blue, pink, or gold on white. About $6 at Bloomingdales, New York and branches; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago and branches; Filene's, Boston; Rich's, Atlanta; Robinson's, Los Angeles & branches.

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

MEXICO: AMUSING INCIDENTALS

Here, some amusing incidentals for those visiting Mexico, and especially for those who might be going to the same places photographed (for "The Climate of Good Fashion") by Vogue for this issue. *Note:* airlines, hotels, restaurants.

WHAT TO WEAR

Mexico City is cool. Women dress as they do in spring in Chicago or New York—wool suits in the day and late-afternoon dresses with coats in the evening. For the sunny, tingling high air of Oaxaca, women need spring sports clothes—cottons with sweaters, and when the sun sets, coats. In contrast, to visit the great Mayan cities in Yucatán, one should take only cool dresses for it is always humid and hot. Swimming pools are everywhere.

IN MEXICO CITY: HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS

The new, big, and air-conditioned Hotel Maria Isabel in Mexico City faces the "Angel" as that marble column with a gilded angel is known. In the penthouse apartments, the "Angel" seems a part of the interior design, and both the ballroom and the roof swimming pool are level with the "Angel." For drinks on ground level, however, and *mariachis*, that peculiarly Mexican troubadour singing, the small Jorongo Bar opens after six in the evening, goes on until late. Single rooms, from $10; double rooms, from $12 to $18; luxe penthouse suites, $80 and up. *Note:* The local quarter tip is one *peso*.

At the sedate, small, and luxe El Presidente Hotel, everything goes on around the swimming pool in the covered patio: lunch, tea, drinks, and dinner. One of the pleasing customs: all guests on arrival in their rooms are served El Presidente, a delicious chilled drink with a head like beer, made of pineapple juice and rum. In addition, a valet helps every guest to unpack. Single rooms, from $12; double rooms, about $20.

There is a clutch of good restaurants in the Niza area. Delmonico's, somewhat like New York's "21," with masses of local blown glass everywhere, makes a big thing of flaming food. A lively young crowd goes to Focolare, a pleasant patio restaurant. There, the big effect at night is the violin players coming down a floating stairway. At the Rivoli the service is particularly good. For dinner with a sweeping view of the mountains framed in white marble. there is the high-up Bamerette Room of the Hotel Bamer. In the new nightclub, Can Can, everything is Edwardian, red velvet walls, and Can Can dancing girls.

IN OAXACA: HOTEL— WHAT TO BUY

A delightful place to stay in Oaxaca is the Hotel Victoria. a short distance from the city. Guests planning to stay here overnight have stayed on happily for weeks. Terraced on the hills, the cottages are deep in flower gardens. (There are rooms also in the circular annex with its amusing spiral staircase.) From everywhere, even from the pool, there is a bright view of the city, of green valleys. Single rooms with meals, $9; double rooms for two, $16.

Some thirty minutes away from Oaxaca, on the smooth Pan-American Highway, is the lively village market of Tlaco-

(Continued on page 60)



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Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

MEXICO: AMUSING INCIDENTALS

(Continued from page 58)

lula shown in this issue. Good buys here: handwoven brown and grey rugs with geometric animal designs, usually goats and smiling lions; a 3′ x 6′ rug, about $5; brilliant serapes with fringes a foot long, $2.

IN MÉRIDA; YUCATÁN'S PIVOTAL POINT

Mérida, Yucatán's clean, hot capital city is the logical base of operations for the great Mayan cities. The old Colón Hotel remains pleasant, unchanged. Its high, air-conditioned rooms, with skylights, open onto gardens, to a pool walled in blue. Good although unexpected, the Turkish bath with an indoor swimming pool and a mirrored ceiling. Maids wear their native costumes—white tunics with brilliantly embroidered yokes and hems. Single rooms, $5; double rooms, $8. At the new Hotel Panamericana, the entrance, the dining rooms, and salon are all in a lovely colonial house; the guest rooms, all in a tall, air-conditioned annex. Single rooms, $8; double, $10.

In Mérida, the food is good, especially suckling pig, wild boar, and seafood. Fifteen minutes out of town, and best at night, the restaurant Tulipanes has good Mexican food, outdoors. A visit to Mérida's Yucatán Museum which contains a good collection of sculpture, ceramics and jewels, is a fine introduction to Mayan art before going to the Mayan ruins.

MAYAN RUINS

At Chichén Itzá (a fast eighty-mile drive from Mérida through barren, flat country) the exceptionally attractive Mayaland Hotel stands in jungly gardens, only a walk away from Mayan ruins. Although the gate to the archaeological city closes at six in the evening—moonlight visits are out—the gate opens at six in the morning. There is then the double excitement of the sun rising and the moon setting. (Vogue photographed there at that hour.) The peaceful, enormous hotel grounds with a pool and masses of flowers are famous for the extraordinary singing birds. Reservations are necessary for the luxe, thatched Mayaland cottages; about $30 a day for one person with meals.

At Uxmal, fifty miles south of Mérida, village children use the remarkable Mayan ruins as a jungle gym. The Uxmal Hacienda, run by the same group as the Mayaland Hotel, is equally luxe, comfortable and costs the same.

HOW TO GO

Jets land in Mexico City from all over the United States. From New York, Air France, Aeronaves de Mexico, and Eastern Airlines fly there in five hours: round-trip fare, $236 for economy class, but $327 for first class. From Chicago, a four-hour flight on American or Mexicana Airlines. the round-trip fare, $209 for economy class: $270 for first. From Miami, the three-hour flight on Pan American costs $164 for economy class; $185 for first, both round-trip fares. In addition, Pan American flies directly from Miami to Mérida, Yucatán four times a week; the hour-and-forty-minute flight, one way, costs: $49 for economy class; $68 for first.

Once in Mexico, local flights are easy: Mexicana Airlines' one-class DC-6's fly from Mexico City to Oaxaca in seventy-five minutes; the trip there and back, $26; to Mérida, Yucatán's capital city, a two-and-a-half hour flight, round trip, $72.



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MADRID: AMUSING INCIDENTALS

In Madrid the pleasures have a certain elegance, the pace is easy, the taxicabs are inexpensive, the hotels and restaurants are good, the service has a touch of old world delight in pleasing, the weather is both cool and unpredictable, and the Prado is probably the greatest museum in the world. Here, some Madrid incidentals, plus a short excursion to Seville.

Among the new restaurants is *La Puerta de Moros*, Don Pedro 10. which was until recently the town house of one of Spain's great families. This eighteenth-century house preserves a *belle époque* charm, and the management fortunately has superb food. Expensive.

One of the best flamenco nightclubs, going on for years, is *El Duende*, run and owned by that Queen of Flamenco, the celebrated, green-eyed Pastora Imperio with her husband, Gitanillo de Triana. Many Spaniards consider the story-telling movements of Pastora's hands the greatest in the history of flamenco. Although Pastora rarely dances now, her granddaughter, Pastorita Imperio, performs every night between eleven and three. The time to go is after midnight. The address, Señores de Luzón 3. Scotch is served, but Spaniards order Anis del Mono; prices run high. Photographed further on in this issue. Countess of Quintanilla watching the gypsies dancing in this white cave. *Note:* Guests may make arrangements for flamenco lessons.

For over half a century, writers, stage people and bullfighters have made a habit of *Valentin*, an upstairs restaurant at San Alberto 3. Good roasts, seafood, and one of the best wine cellars in Madrid. Reasonable. The bistro downstairs, somewhat like Paris's les Halles at three in the morning, fills up with cab drivers and workmen.

The meeting place for a drink before lunch or dinner where everybody goes to see everybody, is the *Balmoral Bar* at Hermosilla 10, off Paseo de la Castellana. Among the best of its apéritifs is a glass of rough and hearty Valdepeñas wine with a slice of La Mancha cheese, both from the Don Quixote countryside of Cervantes.

The extraordinary art collections of the *Convent of Las Descalzas Reales*, a strict order founded by Princess Juana of Austria in the sixteenth century, opened to visitors in 1960. Behind the pale-pink façade: flamboyant rooms hung with Brueghels, Zurbaráns, Titians, and Flemish tapestries. In addition there are exquisite, small jewelled relics, baroque *trompe-l'œil* balustrades, and serene gardens. This centuries-old convent is in the middle of the city near Galerias Preciados, the big department store.

A convenient and good place for lunch is *Las Lanzas*, a new restaurant near the Prado Museum: it was named for Velázquez's masterpiece in the Prado. *Note:* Gathered together now on the ground floor of the Prado are all its Goyas.

Seville's *feria*, a really glorious festival, begins April 24, and goes on day and night until the 28th. The city is then at its peak. The delicious smell of roses, carnations, camellias, wisteria, acacias, and orange blossoms infuses the city. *Note:* Madrid-Seville is an eighty-minute flight, round trip fare, about $27. For the *feria*, hotel reservations must be booked months ahead. The luxe Alfonso XIII Hotel, a cool, huge Mudéjar palace in a beautiful garden, is around the corner from the original of the tobacco factory in Bizet's *Carmen*, Act I.

How to go: From New York, TWA and Iberia fly nonstop to Madrid in about seven hours. Beginning April 1, round trip fares are $555, economy class, while first class is $944. Pan American goes to Barcelona but not Madrid after stopping briefly at Lisbon. Flying time, nine hours, fares some thirty dollars more than the fares to Madrid.

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Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

THE LATE-MORNING BREAKFAST WELL-DONE

To ask one or two friends in for late breakfast counts among the least strenuous, most pleasant forms of entertaining. Here, from June Platt and Dione Lucas, are two of the recipes for this simple, well-done breakfast: pineapple and watercress juice, an omelette (herbed, should breakfast come closer to one than to ten o'clock)—a basket of brioches, and an hour's-worth of coffee.

PINEAPPLE AND WATERCRESS JUICE
From June Platt

2 cups pineapple juice
2 tablespoons strained lemon juice
1 bunch of fresh watercress
2 cups cracked ice

Wash watercress carefully: remove toughest part of stems. Crush the ice. Place half of each of the above ingredients in electric blender, cover, and blend completely for about one minute. Pour into four well-chilled glasses. Repeat process and fill four more glasses. Serve at once.

OMELETTES
From Dione Lucas

For omelettes, it is necessary to have a cast-iron or aluminum pan. Because the metal must be of a porous nature, copper, tin-lined, or stainless-steel pans are of no use.

When the pan is new, rub over the surface with a piece of dry steel wool. Then clean the pan thoroughly with oil. Never touch the pan with water at any time. When thoroughly clean, fill with oil and leave for about 48 hours. Pour off the oil, which can be used again, and wipe the pan thoroughly. Get it very hot and then the pan is seasoned for use.

To make an omelette:

1 tablespoon butter
3 eggs
1 teaspoon cold water
Salt and pepper

Test the heat of the pan by trying it with a small piece of butter. If the butter sizzles briskly without browning when it dissolves, the pan has reached the right temperature. Drop in at once 1 tablespoon of butter and 3 eggs, which have been beaten with 1 teaspoon of cold water, salt, and pepper until they mix without being frothy. Stir quickly with a fork and shake the pan until the eggs begin to set. Then stir more slowly on the top of the set eggs for a minute or two. Leave for a second. Fold over the omelette. Turn out at once onto a hot serving dish.

Omelette Fines Herbes

3 eggs
1 teaspoon cold water
Salt and pepper
Parsley
Chives
Tarragon
Fresh thyme
Onion
Garlic
1 tablespoon butter

Beat the eggs with 1 teaspoon cold water, add the salt and pepper, and beat well but not too frothy. Mix herbs and chop very fine with onion and garlic.

Add this to the hot butter just before adding the eggs. Finish off as usual. (Small croutons of fried bread might be added to the herbs.)



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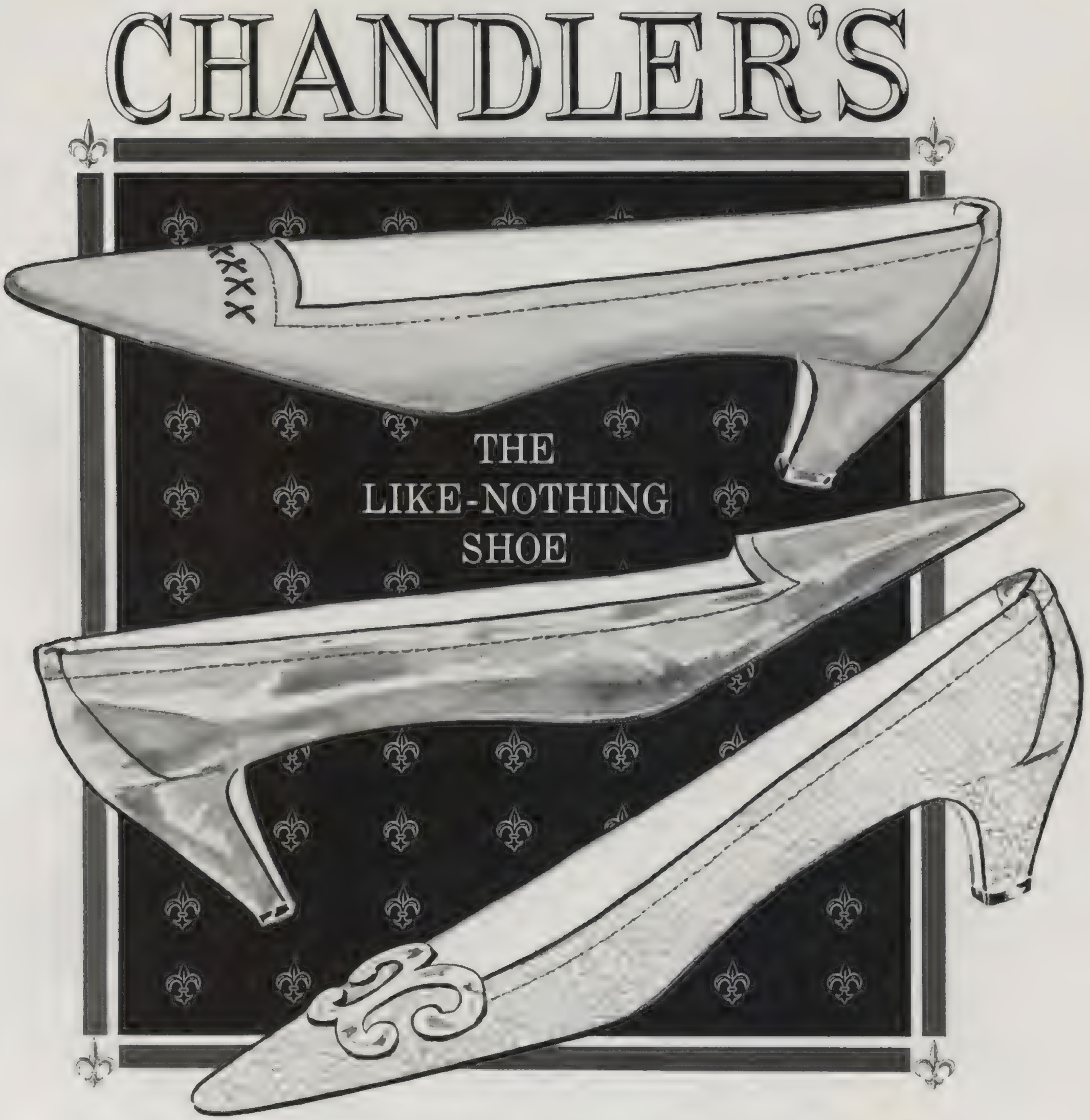
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5'0" to 5'3"	Slim	Brev
	Average	Brev
	Full	Brev
		If girdle is short, fit with Modite
	Heavy	Modite
		If ankle and calf are unusually heavy and girdle is short, fit with Duchess
5'3" to 5'6"	Slim	Brev
	Average	Brev
		If girdle is short, fit with Modite
	Full	Modite
	Heavy	Modite
		If girdle is short, fit with Duchess
5'6" to 5'9"	Slim	Brev
		If girdle is short, fit with Modite
	Average	Modite
	Full	Modite
		If girdle is short, fit with Duchess
	Heavy	Duchess
		If ankle and calf are unusually heavy, fit with Classic
Over 5'9"	Slim	Modite
	Average	Modite
		If girdle is short, fit with Duchess
	Full	Duchess
		If girdle is long, fit with Modite
	Heavy	Duchess
		For exceptional cases, sell Classic

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Hair delivered by air

Electrified by news of an "instant hair-growing machine" proclaimed to be in advanced stages of development in Rome, Vogue's editors covering the Italian Collections made for the nearest communications centre—the great beauty-initiating salon of Eve of Roma (for her newest coiffure, see page 120 of this issue). What they extracted from Eve was this: there is a thing—not technically a machine, and indeed not quite able to grow hair; but instant, as claimed—which ought to do, to a degree, until the real thing comes along. It's an aerosol spray gadget designed to shoot out bits of hair-coloured fluff into thinning areas on a strictly temporary basis. As we understand it, it operates on the flocked-wallpaper principle. No reports on how long the flock stays together.

New word for the diet vocabulary

The word is *homeostasis*. You won't find it in Webster's; you will find it in a scientific document called "The Manipulation of Human Behavior," and in Robert Coughlan's superb series on the control of human behaviour in the current issues of *Life*. What it is is the "internal milieu"; the body balance—which if disturbed by deprivation and other chemical changes, can result in psychic disturbances of various degrees. Warning to chronic dieters: "The brain is not dependent on the immediate level in the blood of any foodstuff other than sugar, but it does ultimately suffer if it is deprived of other foods over a long period of time. The prolonged deficiency of protein and fat... very probably contributes to changes in brain function occurring under these circumstances." Much more on this later, we predict.

Vegetarian diet for the face and body

In Paris, two major beauty salons are using vegetables for everything involving skin care—for cleansing, treating, correcting; for body as well as face. Any number of preparations appear to be involved—salves, potions, lotions. Although the whole idea struck us at first as kicksy and no more, the results reviewed since have been as sobering as a minuet at the Palladium. When our Vogue Paris office has completed its vegetable course, we'll be back with a carrot-by-carrot report. One thing we're certain about: the vegetable life, if gone into, will be more expensive than life on the farm.

What no one's doing any more

When famously long eyes turn round, when wearers of the long-eye make-up uniform turn the latter in for something newer, it figures absolutely that something is on the way out. We spell out the new eye make-up on page 121. Eyes that have made the change already are the formerly extended ones of: Audrey Hepburn, Vicomtesse de Ribes, and Miss Bea Dabney. Shorter eyes seemed to be the cry throughout the Paris Collections as well. For making the switch (which does involve breaking a make-up habit), it might not be a bad idea to have one brief go-round at whatever salon you favour for make-up advice. Although she doesn't *do* make-up in the put-it-on-you sense, Evelyn Marshall of New York was responsible for the maquillage in our photograph and does instruct anyone who goes to her for make-up purchases.

Permanent-wave bibliography

Although the human factor (hairdresser parlance for error) has been removed from the more profound coiffure processes such as permanent waves and permanent colouring, most of which are now self-controlled by the chemical arrangements within the solutions, much of the success of such processes still depends upon "the hand," but for strictly psychological reasons. If a hairdresser has a feeling for or liking for a product, you're in good hands. Of the several different kinds of permanent waves we discuss on page 160, these rather special ones have developed enthusiastic followers among certain hairdressers: The new permanent wave that crimps only at the scalp and leaves the rest of the lock unwaved is practised happily in New York right now by Bernard Bohle (who feels this is the answer to hair's tendency to separate into partings). The permanent wave that sets like a hairset on big graduated rollers is practised in New York at Marcel, and in Washington, D.C., by Jean-Paul, and in *both* cities at the Helena Rubinstein salons.



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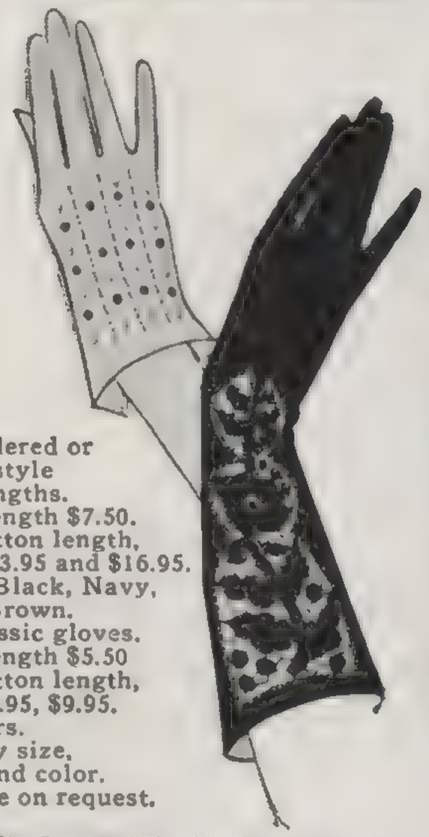
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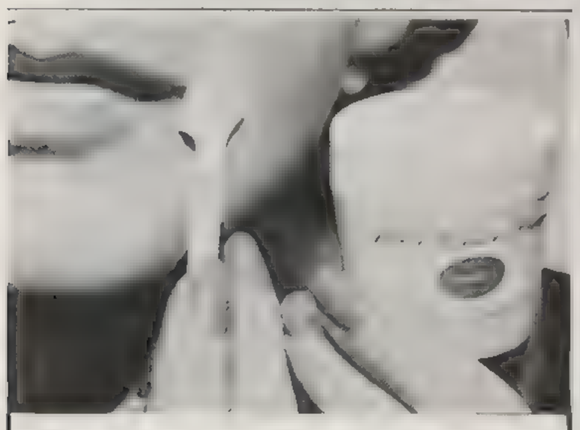
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Cool, simple: a flowery printed peignoir and a loose, gathered nightdress with hand-embroidered flowers appliquéd on. Swiss cotton batiste in white with pink or blue. By Virginia Wallace, sizes XS, S, M, L; $30. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th St., N.Y. 19.



Pale little mink cardigan, rimmed with lizard and lined in silk—lightweight and marvellously soft (made from female skins only). "Arcturus," Emba natural lavender beige mink; $1,250 tax inc., ppd. Reiss & Fabrizio Inc., 6 West 57th St., N.Y. 19.

An ice tub that looks like a larger-than-life old-fashioned glass; of cut glass, 5½" high; with a pair of plastic tongs. $4.50 ppd. West Town House, 260 West 86th St., N.Y. 24.



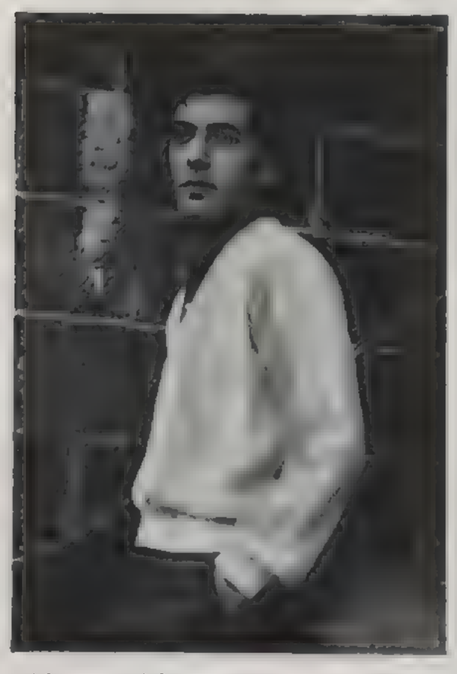


Two flexible, gold chain rings framing a plain ivory band. Chains, of 14-k. gold, $15 each. Ivory band, $12. Jade or blue chalcedony band, $12; coral, $27.50 (all plus tax). Gotham Gifts, 15 West 47th St., N.Y. 19.

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Above: From Italy, a hand-crocheted cotton sweater; very light and airy, for cool days on the golf course or at the beach. Oatmeal-beige; S, M, L, $45.55 ppd. I. Magnin, Union Sq., San Francisco, Cal.

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Below: From Italy, a raw silk cardigan in off-white and black—cool, crisply striped, great with grey flannels. By Brioni of Rome; S, M, L, $65.50 ppd. Schur Inc., 312 Worth Ave., Palm Beach, Fla.



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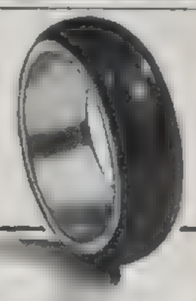
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VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF A SECOND GO AT THE SMASH HITS OF PARIS



WILLIAM KLEIN

DIOR: NEW CURVE OF SHOULDER; JACKIE COOGAN CAP, WORN BACKWARDS

Vogue publishes two Paris reports in March for pretty much the same reasons that visitors to Paris start planning their second trip before the first is over: once doesn't begin to describe it. . . . The sense of a tailor's hand ruling every collection. The clean, clear sparkle of white: Dior's spanky white linen plastron turned out with navy blue. Tonalities of colour, of fabric: St. Laurent's shrimp-into-claret tweed suit; at Desses, lacy orange wool under a double-breasted tweed coat of orange and turquoise tweed. The steady rise to fame of two young designers: the Italian Capucci, with a rave of outstandingly well-cut waistcoat suits, with narrow-shouldered jackets worn open. And Courrèges, handling fabric with the unhesitating confidence of a born tailor; using colour with immense wit and intelligence—taffy-coloured coatdress, black leather leash, white gloves, grass-green kid pillbox. Chanel's endlessly satisfying collection . . . her high-set sleeves, elegantly turned; silk threaded through the famous cardigans; the sly allure of bulky tweeds worn by the sexiest young things in Paris. Dior's sleeved, straight evening looks. And above, a black-and-white example of the Dior carved collar and new shoulders—curved like cucumbers or baby melons. Here, a nine-tenths coat with another Dior-love: a Jackie Coogan cap, worn backwards. Gerondeau wool coat. I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Kislav gloves.

MORE PARIS ON THE NEXT 18 PAGES





AT DIOR: WHITE. TURNED OUT WITH NAVY BLUE

Beside themselves infinitely in an echo-chamber of photography, all the angles of the strong new white-and-navy-blue thinking at Dior now, and note the new billing—white, the biggest colour in Paris, goes first. The look here, a white linen lining in a coat with small melon-shaped shoulders, funnel neck-line that turns out to white-winged lapels. The dress, sleeveless, with plastron front, loose belt. (More white wings here: the dove who's missing the whole show by heading the wrong way.) Dress and coat of navy-blue tweed by Gerondeau, white linen by Besson. At I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. White kidskin gloves by Kislav. All coiffures, here and on the next 14 pages by Alexandre.

"What silk that time has steeped in balm
upon which died the tired Chimera
is worth the native cloud you comb
of twisted hair before your mirror?"
Stéphane Mallarmé



PARIS: BALMAIN'S SMALL-BODIED SUIT



One of the best of Balmain's good little suits—jagged stripes on lacy black-and-white tweed. Small-bodied jacket, double-breasted, with gilt buttons—slight shoulders, narrow sleeves set in just to the shoulder-bone, rolled-back collar: precise, beautiful. Straight gored skirt. Tall-domed white felt hat. Not shown: a silk blouse with a drawstring neckline. Wool tweed by Bufano. The gloves are by Kislav.



PARIS: CAPUCCI'S WAISTCOAT SUIT: DOUBLE-FACED GRÈS COAT

Superbly tailored suit, left. The architect, Capucci: young, Italian, one of the vital new talents in Paris now. Waistcoat suit, pale-grey, in three parts: jacket with narrow, perfectly turned sleeves set in small neat shoulders; sleeveless waistcoat; slender skirt. Mirrored here as Capucci showed it: shiny black hat, black tie-silk scarf, black kidskin gloves. The suit of Moreau worsted. Gloves by Kislav.

Double-faced wool, below—one of a rave of excellent little reversible coats at Grès. Half downy white fleece (all Paris plunged for white), half crisp grey twill. With a smooth flat back, welt seams. Sleeves all-of-a-piece with a square back yoke. Leather buttons backed by little appliquéd circles. Of Moreau wool. Rose Valois hat. Kislav gloves.

WILLIAM KLEIN



FINE CUTS OF COURRÈGES— IN TAFFY, IN GREY

Superb sculpture in fabric—a coat by Courrèges, opposite, of grey worsted whipcord. Cut to a beautifully rounded shape, stitched with trapunto-like padding under the seams to give it spring, body, a look of lightness. At the shoulders, epaulette-shaped sections, set in. With this, a pink linen pinafore (surprise under a heavy coat), white hat and gloves, dark beads. Coat, of wool worsted by Moreau, and dress at I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Shoes by Roger Vivier.

Courrèges coatdress, shown in triplicate below, of taffy-coloured wool gabardine tied with black kidskin. Again, wonderful contemporary roundness—raglan shirt-sleeves caught by round cuff bands, rolled collar; a floating back panel that conforms to a round-pressed hem. Pure-spring touches here: a grass-green kidskin pillbox, white gloves. Gabardine by Forneris. Dress at I. Magnin. Gloves: Kislav.

WILLIAM KLEIN



PARIS: DIOR EVENINGS— SLEEVED, STRAIGHT, COVERED

Living Diors, these two pages, in the deliciously spooked-up ambience of the Musée Grévin. For three francs: history, scandal, celebrities all dished up zestily in wax. This tableau: a performance of *Giselle* attended by (at left) Ingrid Bergman and Anthony Perkins on either side of Dior's beaded pink cloqué. Seated opposite, left to right: Georges Simenon, Louise de Vilmorin, Françoise Sagan, Jean Cocteau. Standing (seemingly enraptured by the living Paris model in Dior black—and why not?), Pablo Picasso.



WILLIAM KLEIN

What Dior had: one of the best new evening looks in Paris—sleeved, straight, quite covered, with an exuberant little pouff at the hem that does marvellous things for marvellous legs. Opposite and above, two versions. Opposite, shocking-pink silk cloqué, thick with beads and embroidery; turned to a modest U at the back. Above, puffed black matelassé, dipped into ruffles at the back. Worn with a big splash of rhinestones (and the comforting assurance that there isn't a newer shape to spend an evening in). Both dresses of Abraham silk. At I. Magnin. The shoes, by Roger Vivier for Dior.

ST. LAURENT'S MODERN FRENCH HISTORY

Coming to you live—some bewitching evening looks in Paris, photographed at the famous wax museum, Musée Grévin. The scene here is "An Evening at Malmaison," where Napoleon and Josephine hold court forever in immobile splendour. (Among the guests, below: Talleyrand, Joseph Bonaparte.) The mobile guest, *opposite*, wears St. Laurent's short white piqué evening dress with diamanté sleeves—one of the delights of the beautiful St. Laurent collection, which it almost sums up: the fresh tingle of white; the high, curved seaming; the important sleeves—these, white net encrusted with braid and crystals. Dress, in thick, carved cotton piqué by Brossin de Meré. At I. Magnin.

Below, surrounded by the diplomatic set at Malmaison, the live guest wears St. Laurent's delectable necklace of smoky grey-green stones. (At I. Magnin.) The coiffures are by Alexandre—who did, for St. Laurent, these extraordinary hair ornaments: fantastic flower and rosette shapes covered with real hair, lacquered, mounted on combs or giant hairpins, and plunged into evening coiffures. Opposite, a crinière, or mane, of "flowers"; below, a pinwheel chignon, like a prizewinner's rosette.

"That which, perhaps, hears more silly remarks than anything else in the world, is a picture in a museum."

Edmond and Jules de Goncourt



WILLIAM KLEIN



One of the great looks in the shape-column at St. Laurent now—a two-piece dress of basket-weave tweed that mixes shrimp and claret colours. The loose top is curved high under the bosom, its *patte* buttoned with three gilded daisies. Sleeves here, narrow and round. With this, a baku bowler, silk scarf, and gloves, all in shades of cinnamon colour. Tweed by Burg. The dress, in America at I. Magnin. Gloves by Kislav. Backing the crowd of faceless admirers is the façade of the Paris Opéra.

AT ST. LAURENT—
RIB-CAGED
TWEED



The faceless ones "...see the processions converging out of three streets at once, not giving way to each other but marching through each other...."

Franz Kafka

AM KLEIN

At Dessès—and all over Paris—the beautifully turned out look of coat-and-dress ensembles in tonalities of colour, of fabric; intelligently tailored. Lacy orange wool, here, worn under rough turquoise-and-orange tweed—double-breasted, collar rolled down. Ensemble of Nattier fabrics (coat of wool, mohair, nylon). Paulette's *cheval* hat in natural Panama.

PARIS: THE ENSEMBLE AT DESSÈS

ST. LAURENT'S FISHERMAN'S SHIRT

WILLIAM KLEIN

The fisherman's shirt—St. Laurent's established blockbuster—taking over now as a topcoat. Pale-beige fleece, double-breasted, with great softness at the shoulders, through the body; narrow hem. Of Garigue wool. I. Magnin. Scemama earrings. Both pages: Kislav gloves (and a crowd of Faceless Ones, lacking features but not—evidently—interest).



PARIS: THE CHANEL MYSTIQUE

Ravishingly pretty girl; hair loose, swingy; marvellously sexy legs and feet thrust out beneath the skirt of a brawny tweed suit. This is the Chanel impact: not just one of the most yearned for suits in the world, but the quintessence of twentieth-century allure—dégagé, adventurous, wittily seductive. Above, one of her great cardigan suits, with this season's high-set sleeves, smaller shoulders. Big woollen checks—orange, green, beige; quilted green silk lining; green silk shirt. Worn with the famous sling-strap pumps Chanel shows with everything. Suit copied by Seymour Fox for Saks Fifth Avenue.



WILLIAM KLEIN

Narrow-sleeved beige tweed, with the tie of a Roman-striped silk shirt threaded through the neck; shoot of cuffs—Chanel to the life. Copy by Seymour Fox for Saks Fifth Avenue. Princesse-shaped tweed coat—a delicious fuzz of red, grey, navy blue. Paisley foulard threaded through the neckline and pockets.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... in PARIS



FRANÇOISE HARDY, *left,* an eighteen-year-old who is not just a singer but a phenomenon, has in the past six months changed the way French teen-agers want to look, want to be. To imitate Bardot is out. Young girls now long for Françoise Hardy's tall, unbony narrowness, for her shoulder-length straight hair, so thick it tends to obscure everything about her beautiful face except those immense grey-green eyes. When she talks in her almost inaudible voice, she comes across as intelligent, totally wholesome; looking clean even in existential blacks. She writes all her own songs, plays with a guitar while she sings: mostly low-beat ballads about lost love, perfidious Best Friends, other young agonies. Sung with a soft simplicity, those songs seep from transistors all over Paris. Françoise Hardy has, flatly, Arrived.

CHARLES AZNAVOUR, *right,* throws off a kind of compressed magnetism that has made him, singing or acting, the most popular entertainer in Paris. When he sings at the Olympia there, everyone in the audience becomes his friend. (Along with other French performers, Aznavour will arrive in New York by chartered plane to give his first concert in this country at Carnegie Hall on March 30. Most of the songs he sings that night will be his own: he has written more than five hundred.) When he acts, according to François Truffaut, who directed him in such movies as *Shoot the Piano Player,* he is "the man from nowhere," a man with whom everyone can identify, however improbably.

"VICTOR, OU LES ENFANTS AU POUVOIR" (its cast, *below*) remains the year's cruellest Paris play, an ambiguously funny Roger Vitrac comedy first performed in 1928, but revived now by Jean Anouilh. As Victor, a six-foot-tall child prodigy, Claude Rich announces on the evening of his birthday: "I'm nine years old and terribly intelligent. Until now I've been a model child." He then plunges dizzyingly into non-model behaviour: exposing his father's adultery, torturing his mother, driving another character mad, and keeping company with a lady who proves to be Death. When Victor dies at midnight, his mother kills first his father, then herself. Spotting the three bodies, the maid cries: "What a drama!" The audience collapses. In laughter.

WILLIAM KLEIN







PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . A deep and portentous look at U.S. foreign policy. . . . The Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* a documentary about a prisoner in a Stalinist labour compound that reads like a fantasy of cold, midday horrors. . . . The luxurious flippancies of the French movie, *7 Capital Sins*. . . . "Television USA: Thirteen Seasons," a series of kinescopes and television films, shown at The Museum of Modern Art, in an attempt to give historical perspective to television—early television turns out to be even funnier than silent movies, except in a few cases where it turns out to be superbly revealing. . . . In London, the Friedrich Duerrenmatt play, *The Physicists,* a sharp-edged, blunt instrument that beats up its audiences, partly because it is set in a madhouse, and partly because Duerrenmatt is relentless.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The hippy dance, Le Tamouré, a little something from Tahiti, all done to quick drums. . . . Dorothy Tutin, a brunette with the look of ripe cherries, in the royal revue, *The Hollow Crown,* in which, with seven men, she details with amusement the miserable lives of England's monarchs.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Pinkerton man at the great Barnes Collection in Merion, Pennsylvania, whose job is to say to each visitor: "Thank you for coming. We hope you will return." . . . Murray Schisgal, an amusing new playwright whose one-acter, *The Tiger,* with Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson has a remarkable funny twist: a lonely semi-illiterate intellectual with massive pretensions essays an assault on an ex-social worker and ends by taking French lessons from her.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Andre Watts, a remarkable sixteen-year-old pianist who has shocked musicians with the rapidity, accuracy, and ravishment of his playing the Liszt "E Flat Piano Concerto," especially with the New York Philharmonic (Leonard Bernstein said: "He looks like a Persian prince.") . . . In Paris, the dazed bewilderment of Romy Schneider, superb with Orson Welles in the Kafka movie, *The Trial*. . . . The whiskey-sour anarchy in the new—and best—Jules Feiffer book, *Hold Me!,* in which the long captions hold the essence of his fury.

MAX FRISCH, an unswerving Swiss thinker, has become world famous for his play, *Andorra,* an extraordinary success not only in fifty-five German cities but also in Oslo, Tokyo, Tel Aviv, Milan, Copenhagen, Zurich, Budapest, and Stockholm. Unfortunately, in its New York production, *Andorra* was a mess. Exploring prejudice, *Andorra* is a timeless fable about a young man, who, under the misapprehension that he is Jewish, chooses finally to die a Jew. Here, this play had the ill-luck of simple-minded dialogue in a threatening production, acted in its leading rôles by Horst Buchholz who wiggled throughout like an earthworm, and by Hugh Griffith who depended on his curious eyes, which caught the light as if he were a demented John Knox, to carry his burdens. Frisch—like his friend Friedrich Duerrenmatt (whom he sees less than he once did "because we are both Swiss, both a success")—thinks of himself as a troubler of waters, a shocker, decisively not one of the send-them-home-humming boys. Typing with one index finger in a Rome apartment overlooking the Borghese Gardens, he is now at work on a new novel; he has already written two major novels, *I'm Not Stiller* and *Homo Faber,* as well as nine plays so analyzed and over-analyzed by international critics that to actually see one is a surprise. Once called "morality plays without a moral," Frisch's plays, in cities other than New York, provoke fascination, some agony, and occasional uneasy smiles. As for Frisch, he rarely gives out his own wide, warm smile.

The hat to change your mind about hats

The hat to change your mind about hats is a 1963 turban. Because at a single stroke of colour, in a single swift wind of cloth, it revives the lure of the Silk Route—that incredible path which led Marco Polo from the Black Sea to the sumptuous kingdoms of Cathay . . . where Kublai Khan hunted with leopards and lions as hounds . . . hawked from a tent made of lions' skins pitched on silken poles, and lined with sable and ermine. Because—to focus precisely on just this moment in time—a 1963 turban, like the most successful 1963 coiffures, rounds and perfects the head that wears it; opens the eye, lengthens the neck, defines a pretty mouth. Because, like make-up, it enlightens the face with the flattery of ravishing colour. Because, with the sudden rush of sinuous, meltingly soft shapes in fashion—the subtle cling of the new crêpes, the gauzy silk evening coats that seem carved in whispers—the turban provides the proper note of balance: firm, slick, incisive. And because—wound tight and high like a mysteriously vibrant bandage, or folded sharply into a close little chiffon dome, or draped voluptuously into a white tulle cloud—the turban is more than a beauty-maker. It's a beauty in its own right.



The time of the turban—moment of colour

In many brilliancies, many windings of Indian cotton,
wrapped to a high, tight Sikh's turban, and revealing with extraordinary
clarity the face it clings to—a face of catching spirit: eyes rounded,
thickly lashed, very discreetly shadowed; lips as light and penetratingly
clear as the colours that streak through the folds of the turban.
A whitened, brightened new race of lipstick makes this mouth, and its
name—as befits a lipstick of double intensity—is Mad Mad Melon.
Max Factor makes it—along with three other deliciously offbeat
California Mad Mad colours—and makes it easy:
The lipstick comes, sensibly, in a long slender wand of a case;
the tip as precisely engineered as a pen point; write your own mouth
is the idea. The turban, of tie-dyed Indian handkerchief cotton,
is by Adolfo. This and the lipstick: Altman's;
Carson Pirie Scott; J. W. Robinson. Earrings, by Coppola e Toppo.





One of the foamiest of the new turbans now—a high crown shape, wrapped of white Indian cotton netting, set high and airily on the head. With it, another view East—the long rajah cape of douppioni silk in Ming yellow, lined in bright pink. Turban by Adolfo. Cape by Estevez, of William Rose fabric. About $245 at Lord & Taylor; Bramson's; Famous-Barr. White kidskin gloves by Fuchs. Coiffure by Marc Sinclair of Lilly Daché.

Striped turban—the stripes domed in brilliant twists—
worn straight, high. By Sally Victor, of grainy silk.
Also at Hutzler's; Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson.
Earrings by Mimi di N., at Bonwit Teller.

a look so delicate, it might have been blown into shape. White organza turban as voluptuous as a maharajah's, worn with a narrow-shouldered coat carved of wafery white silk gauze—sleeves ballooned into neat little shirt cuffs, shadows gathered from the turquoise of the dress beneath.
Eric Lund costume; dress of silk twill, ruffled in brown; coat of Abraham's Gazar. At Henri Bendel; Vandervoort's; Joseph Magnin. Turban by Halston, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

Close high turban of handkerchief cotton Paisleyed in inner-leaf green; the border-green thrust through the drapery, skitted out at the back. By Sally Victor. Also at: Burdine's; Halle Bros.; Bullock's-Wilshire. K. J. L. earrings: Henri Bendel. Coty's new Pure Grape lipstick.







Immaculate little white turban, firm and round, with incisions of gold-and-sanguine velvet slashed—like sabre strokes—across the tight folds of chiffon. By Sally Victor. Also: Rich's; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. K.J.L. earrings at Henri Bendel. John Robert Powers new Spiced Peach make-up.

Turbans of another persuasion: in the centre, a bracelet in twists of gold, diamonds flickering in the turban folds. By David Webb. Coiled around it, shoals of small, perfectly matched cultured pearls (two dozen six-strand necklaces make this turban—4mm size, matinée length). By Imperial Pearl. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.





The narrowing search for marvellous hair

A good hairdresser can remake your hair. But it's apt to be the let's-try-the-simplest-thing-first hairdresser, the hairdresser whose moves are thought-ful, measured, rather than frenzied, who will accomplish this for you. For the successful remaking of hair, two things are needed: first, a hairdresser *who values information* and keeps in touch with the new developments in processes and products; second, a client who realizes that her hairdresser must be given a chance to get to know her hair on a regular basis—that some deadwood may have to go, some leeway in experiment permitted, and that each major session (colouring, permanent wave, special treatment of one kind or another) will yield a partial clue to the ultimate solution for her. We have seen hair with every drawback transfigured into hair with every good quality—but it hasn't happened overnight. There are, too, despite the fortunes spent on hair-research, still some disappointing cut-off points—for instance, not yet solved is the problem of the woman who wants and needs hair-colouring but has exhibited a tendency toward allergy that makes her legally a hands-off case for whom even the most sympathetic and resourceful hair-colourist can do very little.

On the whole, however, the search for marvellously flexible hair—hair that handles like a superb fabric and gleams with marvellous tonalities—is narrowing. Because every process can include conditioners, there is no longer the need to "give the hair a rest" that another generation knew. Hair lightening proceeds in nice, orderly, predictable stages and any professional colourist knows which stage is necessary for the final shade you have chosen. (The progression of lightening goes like this: black to brown to red to red-gold to gold to yellow to pale-yellow, and once past gold, a whole range of muted shades are open to you.)

Blondness, in fact, is turning out to be one of the great eye-openers in making hair look marvellous. Besides the new blond tones *for* blondes or blondness—muted tones with no yellow, no gold, no copper, and not even a flicker of brass—there is for any woman, brunette, grey-haired, or what-ever, something of value in some use of blond toning. Blond-tipping, the old-fashioned streaking but now just on the tips, (Continued on page 160)

The new way to turn blond

This blonde's head has swung in a whole new direction—
towards a muted, neutralled blondness too delicate to be called a colour.
It's part of a fashion picture that includes a rosier, more golden
complexion, a shadowed rather than created eye, and clothes in
the pinks and greens and blues of this very spring. The hair tone
shown here is Tan Pearl, deepest-toward-tan shade in a group
of six new Pearl Blondes invented by Clairol. The white organdie turban,
by and at Hattie Carnegie, is also at Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's;
I. Magnin. Earrings by K.J.L. More about the hair, page 160.



THE COUNTESS OF QUINTANILLA



HENRY CLARKE

An American-born beauty, sixteenth in Vogue's series of fashion personalities: her clothes, her quick-paced life—both Spanish

Above: The Countess, photographed with friends at the great flamenco *tablao* in Madrid, "El Duende" (The Ghost). Left to right, Mr. Carlos Angulo; Miss Katherine Talbot; Mr. Luis Escobar (foreground); the Count of Quintanilla; the Countess, wearing a Rodriguez sheath; the Viscount of Villamiranda. (More, on the next page.)

COUNTESS OF QUINTANILLA

continued



Although she looks like a portrait by Goya or Zurbarán—and has the down-plunging black eyelashes of a Spanish madonna—the Countess of Quintanilla was actually born in America and hasn't, as far as she knows, a drop of Spanish blood.

Tall, slender, and mettlesome, she leads, with American dash and enjoyment, the indelibly European life shown in these photographs. When she and her husband have guests at their country place for the partridge shooting, she gives them large American breakfasts with pancakes, and she has her own way of mixing *sangría*—a favourite light drink in Spain, made of red wine, soda-water, ice, fresh fruit, and sugar: the Countess often adds Coca-Cola instead of the soda-water and sugar.

In Madrid, the Quintanillas live with their three sons in a walled, rambling brick house entered through a grilled gate, with more grillework balconies laced with dripping vines. The house is furnished in a manner that mixes French and Spanish ideas, and is filled with paintings. The Count of Quintanilla, a painter himself, belongs to one of the most distinguished families of Spain (his grandfather was prime minister twenty-one times); from his mother he inherited paintings by Goya, Tiepolo, Velázquez, and he has collected modern canvases by some of the best young artists in Europe. Many, but not all, of the contemporary paintings are abstractions. From Madrid the Quintanillas make fairly frequent trips to London and Paris, to New York, and Palm Beach, where the Count this season had a one-man show of his own abstract paintings.

They like to spend as much time as possible at Pascualete, their country place in the province of Extramadura, which has been in the Count's family for twenty-three generations. (Christmas and Holy Week they always go there with the children.) A *finca*, or working ranch, where sheep, cattle, and wheat are raised, it has a thirteenth-century house built on the site of a second-century Roman *latifundium;* the floors, columns, and doors are Roman. Deliberately, the Quintanillas kept the house in the somewhat austere style of its era. From delving—at first casually—into the local history of the place, the Countess developed a fascination for the study of mediaeval Spanish documents, and she contributes regularly to one of the learned journals of Spain.

For this varied and exciting life, the Countess has two favourite kinds of clothes at completely opposite fashion poles—the well-cut country clothes in the photographs on these two pages, and long evening dresses. ("I always have more of these two categories than I really need, and not enough of any other category.") She (Continued on page 115)

The Count of La Corzana, *left*, at the partridge shoot.

HENRY CLARKE

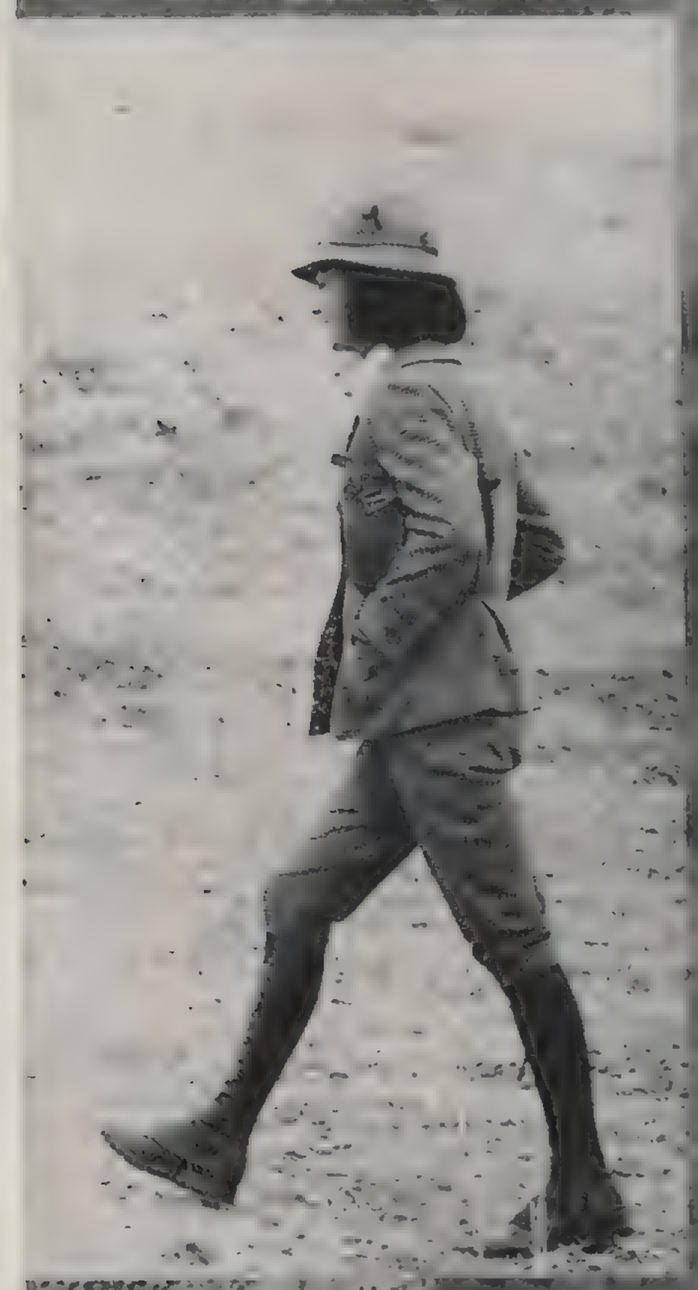


The Count and Countess of Quintanilla, *above*, at a shooting party given by the Count's sister, the Duchess of Tamames; the game, red-legged partridge. Classic Spanish hunting costume of brown tweed, worn with tooled leather chaps for riding; Tyrolean hat.

Below: at the Club del Campo in Madrid, the Countess of Quintanilla riding with her three sons: from left to right, Miguel, ten; Luis, twelve; Alvaro, thirteen—"in the country they spend practically the whole day on horseback."



The Countess of Quintanilla, *right*, With the classic hunting costume, she wears a crisp white shirt, neatly knotted tie, tweed jacket, jodhpurs, boots. Below, the Countess in another riding outfit—brown check tweed jacket, hatchet hat; leggings of soft leather, called *polainas*; thin wool stockings; heavy shoes.







In Madrid, the Count and Countess of Quintanilla, with some of the Count's recent paintings. *Here, and left,* the Countess wears a strawberry-pink redingote, pale-pink chiffon scarf, pearls. "The cat is named Pichirri, a very 'catty' name in Spain…she is unpopular with everyone except me."

Left: Watching the bullfight at Guadalajara, where the great Ordoñez was appearing: the Countess in a white wool suit, white Panama hat, red-and-white band.



Luncheon on the Quintanillas' terrace in Madrid:
left to right, Mr. Sebastian Miranda, Mr. Alberto Closas,
Mrs. Luis Miguel Dominguin, Mr. Vicente Viudes (back view),
Mr. Luis Escobar, Mrs. Alberto Closas, the Countess
of Quintanilla, the Count, the Marchioness of Villaverde
(back view), the Duchess of Alba, Rev. Father Lopez de Toro.



loves the classic Spanish hunting costume called *en cuatro tiempos,* "in four-time"—an interchangeable four-piece outfit, usually of tweed, consisting of a culotte skirt, a short jacket, a long waistcoat, and short straight riding pants. ("In Spain a shooting or country costume must be made so that one can get on a horse at any moment.") To this basic costume, she has added two variations of her own: knickerbocker-like breeches with a buttoned band below the knee (which she wears on page 113), and a short wraparound skirt that can be taken off for riding. The leather *polainas,* precisely fitted leggings worn for shooting, are supposed to cling to the leg like a nylon stocking, and require several fittings. "It is a great point of pride with Spanish people to have really beautiful boots and leggings, and this is the first thing they look at."

All her clothes are made in Spain, and, except for riding-habits, all are made by Pedro Rodriguez. His is the only collection she sees: "I discuss the collection with Pedro, who is a great friend, and we change and invent new things together. Often I begin with a colour idea or a fabric I like, and from these we invent the clothes."

She enjoys to the full two of the great fashion-triumphs of Spain—incomparable leather and suède, beautifully worked, and hand-done embroidery. She has a series of embroidered evening dresses—one of them the Rodriguez primrose-yellow dress she wears on page 111. Often he makes her embroidered slippers to wear with these, and with the Rodriguez evening coats she likes—one short, one full-length, on next page; (Continued on next page)

At the National Library, with its
Director, the Reverend Father Don José
Lopez de Toro, foremost Latinist of Spain:
the Countess of Quintanilla, herself a
student of ancient manuscripts.
Her suit: black with grosgrain bands.





both are literally solid with embroidery, with hand-sewn beading and paillettes (the long coat is actually paved with white paillettes). The Countess adores white; likes yellow, pink, and emerald green; and wears, like a true Spaniard, a great deal of black. She never wears prints; doesn't like very décolleté dresses; does like clothes that work well—"for example, suits with skirts you can walk in easily." As Madrileños say, "she has a style of herself."

In the photograph on page 115, taken on the terrace of her house in Madrid, the Countess wears a pale-beige knitted dress, slender and unbelted. Often—since there's a swimming pool in the garden—everyone lunches outdoors. For one evening party, the Quintanillas' garden was turned into a country fair, a *verbena,* with spinning (Continued on page 157)

Above: The Count and Countess of Quintanilla in Madrid's Plaza Mayor, with Mr. Carlos Angulo. In small photograph, the Countess at Mr. Duarte Pinto Cuello's dinner party, with (left to right) the host; Mr. Alberto Closas; Mr. Alberto Lorca.
Left: The Countess arriving at the dinner party.
Right: On a sixteenth-century staircase in Madrid, the Countess of Quintanilla in black lace, jet-spangled.


COUNTESS OF
QUINTANILLA
HENRY CLARKE

Love is an irresistible desire to be irresistibly desired.

I am a Madisonian Washingtonian Jeffersonian Democrat.

My life was a risk I had to take—and took.

Women have always run my life.

Poetry is a way of taking life by the throat.

Originality and initiative is what I ask for my country.

Most of the change we think we see in life is due to truths being in and out of favour.

Everybody comes to Washington to be declared equal with someone else. I want poets to be declared equal, I guess, to—what shall I say, scientists? No. Big business men. I want poets declared equal to big business men.

Talking is a hydrant in the yard and writing
is a faucet upstairs in the house.
Opening the first takes all the pressure off the second.

I like the actuality of gossip, the intimacy of it.

If we all went up in an atomic explosion,
when we came out the other side and brushed ourselves off,
somebody would say "Wasn't that something?"

The reason why worry kills more people than work
is that more people worry than work.

I have never earned a cent except by and through verse. For my first twenty years of it I earned a total of two hundred dollars.

I guess one way of putting it would be that you have freedom when you're easy in your harness.

What is poetry if it isn't memorability? All thought is a feat of association, of digging out a happy association of something you thought you forgot.
A poem can't be worried with existence. If it's to give people pleasure, it has to give me pleasure in writing.
Yeats said it was spitting blood and chewing pencils.
That ain't my way. I wouldn't have written if that was my way.
You don't need to have tumult in your life.

What we do in college is to get over our little-mindedness.

The greatest thing in family life is to take a hint when a hint is intended—and not to take a hint when a hint isn't intended.

There are too many gangs, cliques, or coteries in poetry. Maybe that's one of the ways they have to manage it. But I'm a lone wolf.

Never give a child a choice. Don't give him a choice of believing in God or not. He can start having choices when he goes to college.

I'm not confused, I'm just well mixed.

Critics seem to find my little poems so sinister.
When I say hemlock they think I mean poison and not trees.

Always fall in with what you're asked to accept. Take what is given, and make it over your way. My aim in life has always been to hold my own with whatever's going. Not against: with.

The worst thing not only about the United States but the world is lack of faith in disinterestedness.
We try to see a personal or an ulterior motive in everything.
The highest faith there is, is faith in disinterestedness.

VOGUE, MARCH 15, 1963

THE FEARLESS WISDOM OF ROBERT FROST

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When Robert Frost, poet, died, at eighty-eight on January 29, 1963, he had said what he wanted to say to Americans, first in his poetry, then in television interviews, and finally in conversations taken down by friends, students, people who knew wisdom when they heard it. Here is some of the fearless wisdom of Robert Frost, who will be remembered partly for the greatness of his work, partly because of the unforgettable sight of him, white hair blown in the wind, losing his hat and papers, but riding gallantly through at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy on January 20, 1961.*

I like young people. I'm very thick with them.
But I think we plan too much, too thoroughly for the young.
Young people have insight. They have a flash here and a flash there.
It's like the stars coming out in the early evening.
They have flashes of light. They have that sort of thing
which belongs to youth. It is later in the dark of life
that you see forms, constellations.

Love has to be blinding to make things right.

It is absurd to think that the only way to tell if a poem is
lasting is to wait and see if it lasts. The right reader of
a good poem can tell the moment it strikes him that he has
taken an immortal wound—that he will never get over it.

It is only a moment here and a moment there
that the greatest writer has.

How many times it thundered before Franklin took the hint!
How many apples fell on Newton's head before he took the hint!
Nature is always hinting at us. It hints over and
over again. And suddenly we take the hint.

Anyone with an active mind lives on tentatives rather than
tenets. Every general who goes into battle wishes he had
more information before he goes in.
But each crisis you go into is on insufficient information.

There's absolutely no reason for being rushed along with
the rush. Everybody should be free to go very slow.
What you want, what you're hanging around in the world
waiting for, is for something to occur to you.

Poetry is like a cry, I've said. But it's like a blush—
you can get something you didn't know you had.

People have got to think. Thinking isn't to agree or disagree.
That's voting. Ultimately, this is what you go before God for:
you've had bad luck and good luck
and all you really want in the end is mercy.

Somebody talks about rededication and dedication, and nobody
really dedicates himself till long afterward. He doesn't
dedicate himself, he gets dedicated. He finds himself deep
in something and long before he's aware of committing himself.
And he's never aware of his taking his life in his hands to
go forward to do something or do or die, you know, unless it's
to battle or something. I didn't think anything like that.
I just had it coming on me. I can't tell how it came, this
wish to have something: write things and get them printed.

I am a great equalitarian: I try to spend most of my time
with my equals.

Education—to get it you have to hang around till you catch on.

You simply can't bellow anything worth listening to!

The world is full of willing people; some willing to work,
the rest willing to let them.

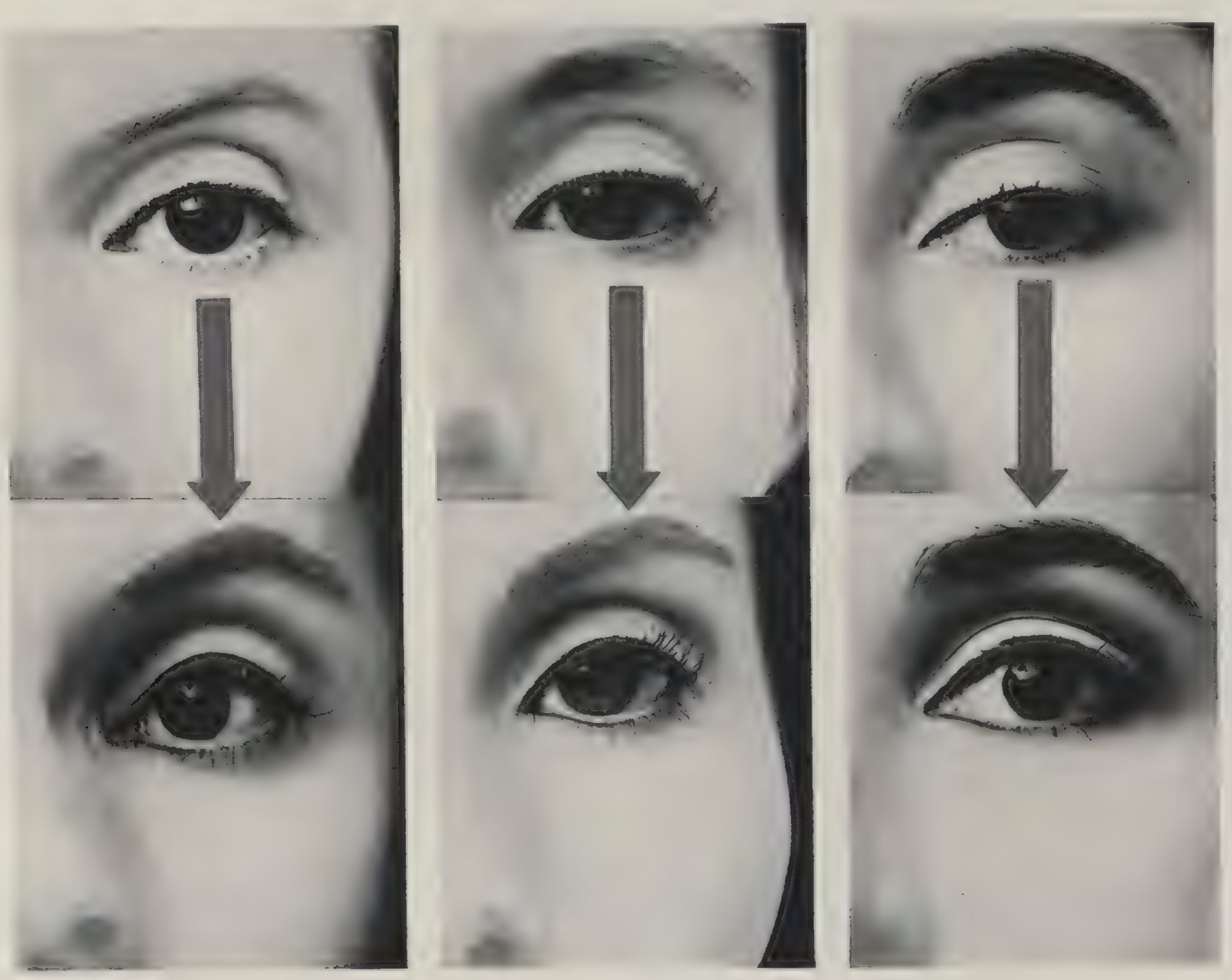
A fellow once said to me the trouble with you is that you write
on subjects. I replied, the trouble with you is that you write
on small bric-a-brac. I am not a regionalist. I am a realmist.
I write about realms of democracy and realms of the spirit.
The land is always in my bones. Someone once asked me
if I was for democracy or against it and
I could only say that I am so much of it that I didn't know.
I have a touchiness about the subject of democracy, of America.
It amounts to a touchiness. I know how much difficulty there is
about democracy, and how much fun it is, too.

VOGUE, MARCH 15, 1963



hair: rounded

Next coiffure to ask your hairdresser for is the Rondinella. It's the great new Italian haircut, named—appropriately—for the small, sleek, quicksilvery swallows that sweep down at twilight on the Via Appia Antica. In fashion (and mark our words, no coiffure will be more so), the Rondinella looks like this: thick straight hair sleeked back—unparted—from the brow, domed slightly over the crown, curved to the nape, and tapered off as smoothly as a rondinella's cap-feathers taper into plumage. All shape and line, this is the coiffure that looks exactly right with the wave of softness that rippled the French and Italian Collections . . . looks fascinating as its designer, Eve of Roma, showed it: with a maquillage of equally strong convictions—the thickest fringe of sable eyelashes, lots of white shadow from lid to brow. Shown with the coiffure here is a necklace by Luciana for Galitzine—a serpentine twist of fake pearls and glitter, carved to the neck. At I. Magnin.



JOHN STEWART

rounded: eyes

No longer wing-swept, but round. This is the new eye make-up; high, clear, circumflexed with an eyebrow to match. Any eye can be rounded—and suddenly should be. Like the change from cotton-candy hair to sleek hair, the change from extended eye to round eye has a special kind of imperative: it's a switch to make not only for the fresher and younger, but also because the other look looks now frankly Wrong. Here, top deck, bare of make-up: an average eye; a sloe eye; an almond eye. Directions for turning these into round eyes are identical. With pencil, brush or eye liner, draw a ribbon of darkness along the upper lashline, thickening and raising a little at centre; stop short at outer corner. In the eyelid fold, daub eye shadow in grey, taupe, or brown; leave eyelid itself in the clear. With a fine pencil, draw a line into lower lashes from the inner corner of eye; stop halfway across. The eyebrow plan: pencil palely a centre peak; don't wing.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

Galitzine's little evening suit—strictly black wool, meltingly white chiffon. Worn with glacé gloves, Canessa of Rome's black velvet pillbox. Suit (jacket not shown): I. Magnin.

ITALY

THE SPRING COLLECTIONS

The Italian woman, 1963: pretty, provocative, lots of vivezza. Throws back her head to laugh, showing white, white teeth in a smile that catches up to slitted eyes. Marvellous, never-still hands clanking heavy bracelets, running strong eloquent fingers through heavy-silk hair—thick, straight, black as pitch. Slanty eyes, inquisitive, frankly made up; the maquillage pink and white, almost effacé . . . the look of a bold-eyed gazelle. The most uninhibited, self-assured woman in Europe; she knows—surely, quickly—what she likes. In this season's collections: white, black—often together, as in Galitzine's witty Commedia dell' Arte harlequin suits; some pink; some apricot; tones of beige—sand, café au lait, peanut. Likes lower heels now; little roundish heels on beaded silk evening slippers. Adores the unpressed hems on Galitzine's long crêpe evening jackets. Forquet's soft-as-soave coats, cut like dusters. Barentzen's ballooning Victorian sleeves on close curvy bodices. Valentino's and Veneziani's zephyr-weather furs, prosciutto-thin—suddenly all that was ever wanted when a *ponentino* whiffles up on summer terraces or al fresco restaurants. The crêpes all over: every house has them, for late-day and on. The tunics—for the beach, for ball dresses; the beaded tunics bloused down around the hips of Galitzine's flowing crêpe pyjamas (pyjamas—often crusty with jewel-embroidery—still the runaway rave: magnificent as a maharani is the Italian idea of how to look when friends come to your house). Galitzine's twin-printed chiffons, so gay and romancy. The wild, ragey colours for beach and knockabout clothes, massed together like the flowers on the *bancarella* of the Spanish Steps. The bare midriffs—less naked than at St. Tropez—but cut to make one aware of a round bosom, a browned, supple body. The multicoloured sandals, to wear in the piazza of Capri or the *trattorie* of Portofino. Forquet's necklace of peonies, laid on like Pulcinella's collar. The black organdie petals on the sleeves of Valentino's evening dress. The massively printed babushkas. The enormous shawls to throw on after water skiing on Bracciano Lake near Rome. The little black dresses—plain as pearls—to wear at a million cocktail parties, or to Tamouré in at Rome's Club 84. The aura of chic that clung to every collection, unmistakably Italian, mirroring the "che m'importa" attitude of women who look like Medici descendants or Stendhal heroines transported—triumphantly—into 1963.



De Barentzen's idea: romance without an ounce of sentimentality —wafery white organza, coined in black velvet, balloon-sleeved, slashed. Of Bianchini silk. At I. Magnin. Dal Co sandals.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

ZEPHYR-WEATHER FURS

ITALY

Valentino's zebra-striped blazer: incisively black-and-white, edged with a crunch of jet and strass-fumé embroidery. The jacket of Forneris's stamped calfskin. At I. Magnin.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

Veneziani's white calf trench coat, thin as prosciutto—a showstopper at this collection, and one of the most spectacular summer furs to cross the Atlantic in years. I. Magnin.



Galitzine smash in the most fluid of white crêpes—long, bias-scarfed combing jacket tied over a slink of sheath, jewelled at the neckline. Shoes by Dal Co. Petrov earrings. Costume: I. Magnin.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

LONG EVENING TOPS
IN THE FLOW OF CRÊPE

ITALY



Galitzine showed a rave of flowing palazzo pyjamas, with tops pulled down on the hips, bloused. This, of white crêpe jersey slashed with glitter. At Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Luciana earrings. Lucarelli shoes.



Forquet's superbly cut white coatdress, with a panel flown down from a standing neckline (for this designer, wool floats as lightly as chiffon). Of Satam wool. At I. Magnin. Hat by Canessa of Rome.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

DAY-TO-DAY WOOLS

ITALY

At Forquet: some of the supplest coats in Europe. This, a double-faced apricot duster, snapped close—fluid as the scarf that wraps it. Of Satam wool. At I. Magnin. The domed gob hat, by Canessa of Rome.



BY CECIL BEATON

"MY TWO HOUSES"

TWO LIVES, TWO DIFFERENT DESIGNS



Beaton's two houses. Top: *his small Regency house in South Kensington, London.* Above: *his 1662 country place—Redditch House at Broadchalke.*

Perhaps, to have a house in London and another in the country is a great extravagance. However, since I am like a juggler spinning plates in the air, and trying to carry on simultaneously four or five different professions, it would be almost impossible to operate from under one roof. Redditch House in Broadchalke, Wiltshire, is really where I live, and where I paint, design, and write. When I regret a London invitation by saying I will be in the country, friends imagine that I am enjoying a carefree weekend. But, like the farmer, I really come to London to do my marketing, and to take further orders, and it is at Redditch that much of the real job is done. Only in Broadchalke can results be achieved that require leisurely concentration.

In London, it was clever of my mother to find this small Regency house, with balustrade on its roof and wrought-iron balconies, in a quiet and leafy oasis of South Kensington, for the property has become valuable now that the periphery of London has become more fashionable than the centre. When we moved into the house at the beginning of the war, everything was shabby and makeshift, and it was difficult to get wiring for the electric lights; furnishing materials were rationed and soon the house suffered from bomb blast. When the windows were replaced, and the rubble cleared away, the rooms (Continued on page 132)

CECIL BEATON IN HIS COUNTRY GARDEN ROOM, opposite. *The conservatory has a view of the bold-sloped turf of the garden, gravelled walks, stone-flagged corners, a woodland ridged with beeches, oaks, and sycamores. Inside there are blue-and-white squab window seats, blue-and-white pottery, a Deep South wicker rocker, a fountain, and goldfish in the water garden that is sunk into the marble floor.*

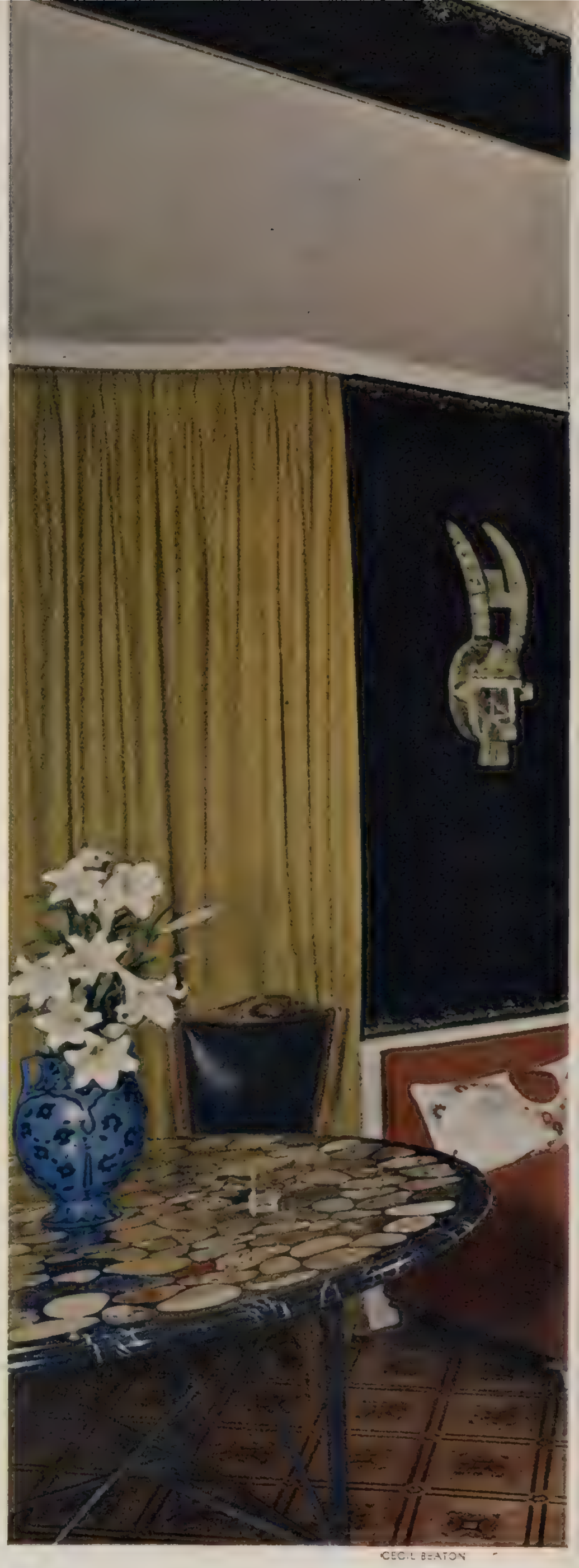


were decorated in a style that compromised my mother's taste with my own. When, eventually, my mother became too frail to live in London, the time had come for me to feel the house was my own. I threw out all my clutter and muck that had ganged up with the years: things that, through loyalties and laziness, had never been discarded yet no longer signified. It took British workmen a year to alter the plumbing, knock down walls to enlarge rooms, build in cupboards, enlarge windows, and generally give the house an illusion of space.

At periodic intervals most of us go through the sound barrier of change, and in my recent decoration, in an attempt to simplify, I have drawn on sources both from the primitive and of today. For those who know my rooms in New York hotels, it is not so much of a departure as a progression: many of the ideas that originated on Park Avenue are continued in my Kensington drawing room, yet some of the objects, bits of sculpture and pictures that are in the house today are among those I bought very early on in my life. (The Alberto Giacometti light hanging at the foot of my bed was one of my first possessions.) The Atlan, bought by me under the aegis of Gertrude Stein directly after the liberation of France, was, until recently, in my country-house bedroom from whence other pieces have been brought. They help to create in their new setting a more striking background.

In trying to give the house a look that is contemporary while being individual, I have used colours that are strong—almost barbaric. Soon the problem arose as to where to find well-designed, modern furniture. I do not admire most of the mass-produced chairs which have legs like black pins (legs in furniture are as important as in a woman), but Diego Giacometti has wrought for me, in bronze, tables, chairs, and lamps with furies and ibex heads, and I am proud that my banquettes have Greek feet. Lacquer tables from Honolulu, Haniwa terra cottas, and cottons from Japan—the cushions are from geishas' (Continued on page 135)

IN HIS CITY DRAWING ROOM, right, *recently reshaped and redone with furniture designed especially for it, Beaton has effected an Oriental sense of space, a serene setting for his modern paintings and primitive masks. Black velvet walls, edged with gold and silver Spanish embroidery, offstand a smash of vermilion and yellow. White-shaded bronze floor lamps, designed by Alberto Giacometti, have bronze women's heads. The walnut marquetry parquet floors came from a Rothschild house in London, the stone-inlaid eighteenth-century dining table,* right, *from Italy. On either side of the table, two banquettes, their cushions wrapped in Japanese geishas' obis, stand on Greek feet. The great painting, hung over a black-lacquered table, is by Larry Rivers. The fireplace wall,* below right, *has twin black-and-white marble mantels, over each a Louis XIV mirror: at the far end, a portrait of Beaton by Bérard. The book wall,* far right, *looks towards the dining end of the room. On the floor, a Spanish rug.*



CECIL BEATON

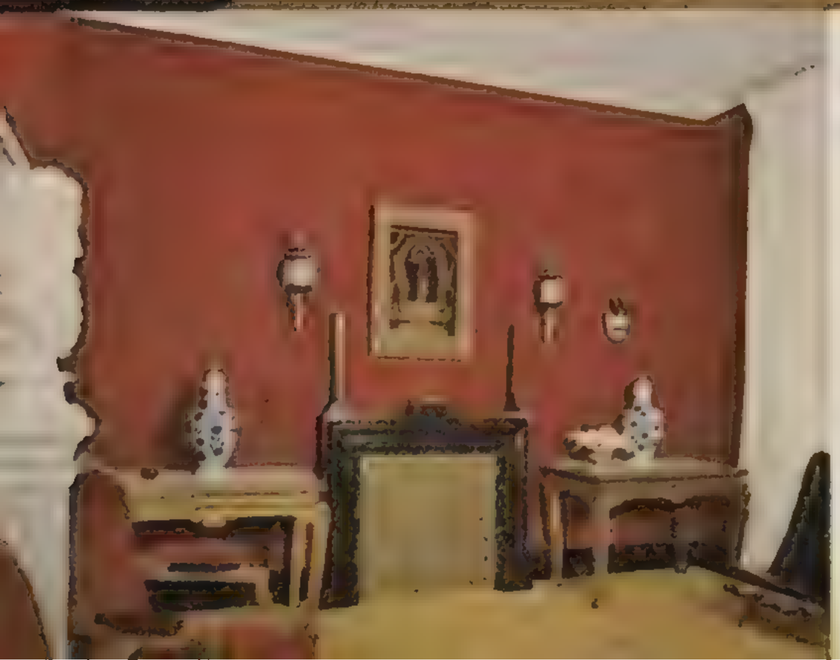
"MY TWO HOUSES" Continued



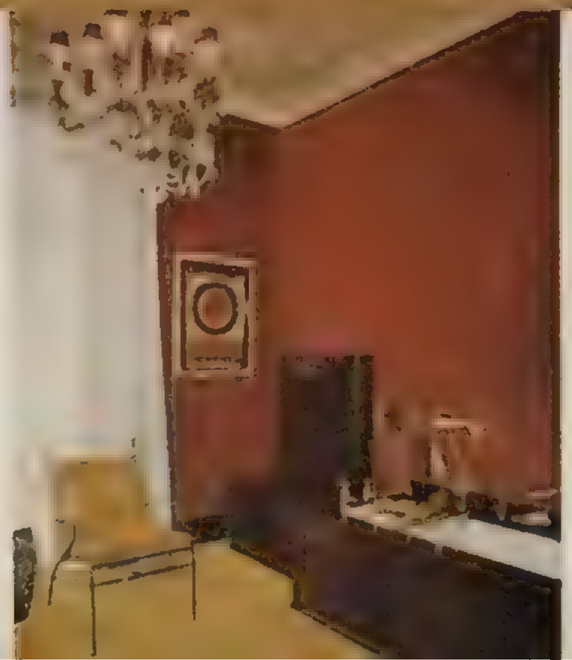


Beaton's city drawing room:
three views– above left, and right.

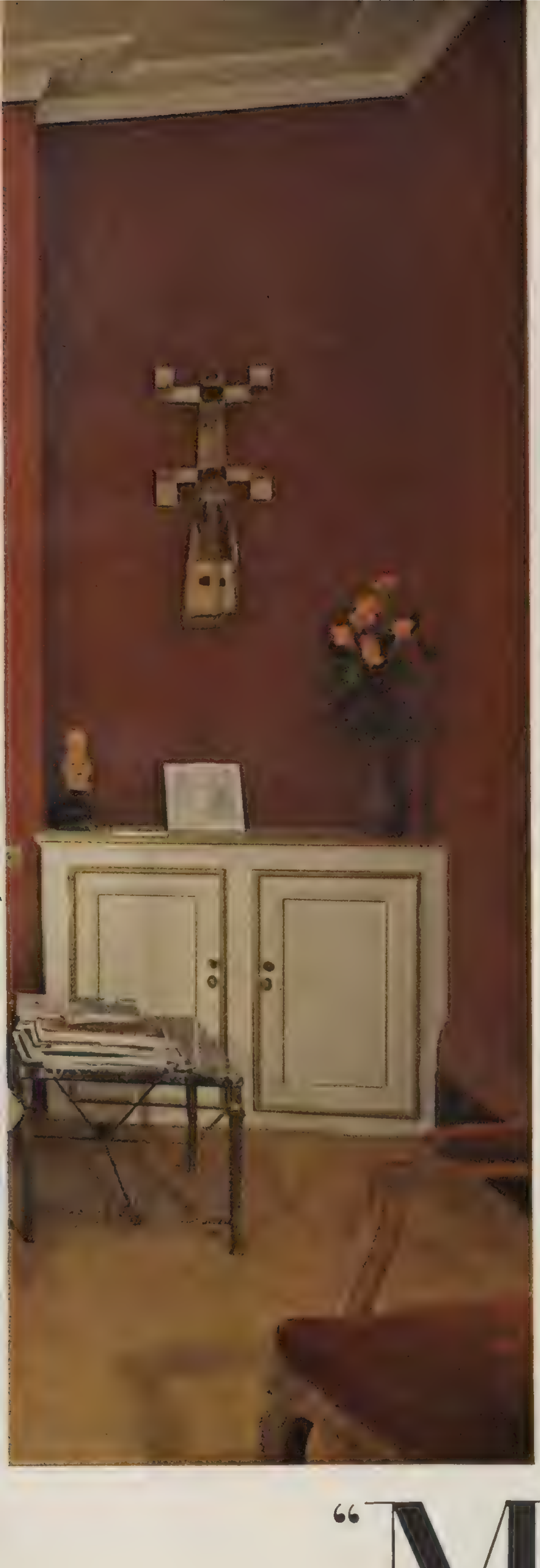




Beaton's city bedroom: above and left.
The adjoining Edwardian bath: right.



CECIL BEATON



obis, raw-woven materials for sofas and cushions from Tripoli, and other mementoes of trips taken in past years help to create a background that I hope is personal. It is the combination, and not the collection, which is significant.

A typical day in this house—like today, for instance—starts early. Charlotte Gaffran comes to limber me up with exercises which, though beneficial, prevent me from telephoning friends with whom I would like to converse before the business of the day begins. I am anxious to hear, for instance, from Ava Waverley something about the Prime Minister's daughter whom I sat next to at dinner last night, but there is not even time to make next week's arrangements with my secretary because Geoff and Bill have already arrived with lights to help me take the photographs of my house for this article. Rebecca West comes early to lunch to talk about a plan to perpetuate the memory of the late Syrie Maugham by presenting a picture in her name to her favourite museum. We both loved Syrie Maugham, and have reasons to be grateful to her. We discuss Swiss doctors, the English theatre, and the Lunts. Would that the lunch could continue all afternoon, for there are few conversationalists today to compare with Rebecca West. But she must depart to report on the latest spy tribunal, while the Covent Garden Opera House wardrobe and model room are awaiting me for instructions about my designs for the new ballet and the presentation of *Turandot.*

If the Russian dancer, Nureyev, considers red a very "English" colour, and refuses the hunting coat we had planned for him (in Russia the word "krasnya" means, surely, both "red" and "beautiful"), could we not give Dame Margot a red crinoline as "The Lady of the Camellias"? After all, there *are* red camellias, and Mlle. du Plessis wore them at certain times of the month. If the new director of *Turandot* wants more than one staircase leading from the pagoda, could we not duplicate the steps from Act I? The technical discussions continue heatedly until the rush hour is upon us, taxis are as scarce as hens' teeth, and (Continued on page 137)

IN HIS CITY BEDROOM, left, *the latter-day four-poster, designed by Beaton of steel with copper pineapple finials, is spread in white, has a silver-wolf throw. The chair, black leather and aluminum, is American, by John Vesey. On the Directoire-mannered chests, Haniwa terra cottas; on the wall above, African sculpture. In the winter the white curtains give way to yellow ones. A bedroom fireplace,* below left, *faces the bed. Over the mantel, a pair of coach lamps. The bathroom equipment,* near left, *an Edwardian mix of mahogany, porcelain, and bronze, originally installed in Wilton House, was given to Mr. Beaton when the owners updated that magnificent Salisbury mansion. The deep, red-shaded chandelier has crystal necklaces. The handsome gouache is by Denis Hawkins.*

"MY TWO HOUSES" Continued

London traffic is a solid mass. In a cloud of apologies one returns to the house where an aggrieved young man has been waiting, tape recorder in readiness, for a long-promised interview. When that, and a few urgent telephone calls, are completed, it is too late even to have a bath before getting dressed to go out to dinner at the French Embassy.

Next morning I am on my way to recharge my batteries in the country. The porters at Waterloo Station recognize me by the number of empty baskets with which I always travel to Salisbury. (The baskets will return with me four days later filled with flowers and vegetables.) I travel by train, because of the density of present-day road traffic, and the train journey gives me an opportunity to skim through the *New Statesman* and *Spectator* which seem to pour out with appalling repetition each week.

Redditch House in Broadchalke was built in 1662: its façade, with stone pilasters and bust of Roman poet on the pediment over the front door, is extremely formal. The building is described in many of the books as a "small architectural jewel," or "palace on a minute scale." My neighbour, Lord David Cecil, the essayist, called it "A pocket edition of a three-volume novel." In its decoration the house seems to demand a certain respect, and I had to discard all the "amusing" rubbish with which my previous country house was furnished.

Since I bought the house twelve years ago, it has evolved itself into being essentially English in character in spite of much of the furniture being French or Chinese eighteenth century. It is filled with far too many flowers, with old rose chintzes, Regency carpets, astrolabes, folding library steps, and everywhere a jumble of books and beloved objects picked up on my journeys abroad. The pictures comprise late Impressionists, Victorian still-lifes, Boldini and Helleu; sketches by Graham Sutherland and early Dalis. The house goes nap on charm. (Continued on page 159)

Beaton's country living room: left.
Beaton's country study: below.



IN HIS COUNTRY LIVING ROOM, far left, *Beaton has applied his usual ratio of one part formality to one part informality. A room of interesting dimensions—thirty-five feet long, only nine feet high—it has white-and-gold pilasters, French seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture, and multiflorous English chintz; against claret-red walls, the shock of sunny colours. At the curved end wall, Meissen jars in large, roundheaded niches flank a tall, inlaid Louis XVI desk with ormolu mounts and secret drawers that hold an amusing assembly of caricatures of friends. On the skirted table, some Beaton insigne: gilt-framed photographs of family and friends—the big sketch in the background is of Beaton, by Augustus John.* IN HIS COUNTRY STUDY, near left, *which is the winter sitting room, too, Beaton works among muted greens and burgundies, a great golden sofa, a dashingly-finialled Regency bookcase, a four-square desk. Handsome and masculine in fruitwood, the desk formerly belonged to Lady Juliet Duff and reputedly, long before that, stood in the study of Talleyrand.*

"MY TWO HOUSES" Continued

RAY WILLIAMS



Who leads the knitted life



Mrs. Samuel P. Peabody, left, and her daughter Elizabeth—two fair-skinned, blue-eyed charmers with whom the knitted life clearly agrees. (And 1963 knits are more agreeable than ever: a new kind of seam makes a subtler shaping possible.) Mrs. Peabody might wear this knitted wool coatdress walking in the Park with six-year-old Elizabeth—or in her other rôle as an off-Broadway producer with the Writer's Stage Company, which launches new works by young American playwrights. The coatdress has a long, slender line, a bold run of hound's-tooth checks in pewter-grey on greyed beige. By Cisa; $120. Lord & Taylor. Elizabeth wears a pale-grey jersey coat of Orlon-and-wool, with curving seams; foam-insulated. By John Weitz for Weather Winky; sizes 7 to 14, $15. Bonwit Teller. White stretch gloves of Du Pont nylon, by Shalimar.

Mrs. Hamilton Allen and her children—from left to right, John, 6; Cynthia, 9; and Larkin, 2. (This historic photograph was made during the single split second in the afternoon when Larkin sat still.) Mrs. Allen's knitted dress looks two-piece, but isn't—the black top, bone skirt, join at a heightened waistline. We added the scarf. Double-knitted Ban-Lon dress by Wilroy; $50 at Peck & Peck. Cynthia wears a three-piece knitted merino wool costume like a pocket-Chanel; pale-grey cardigan jacket and pleated skirt, yellow-and-white striped overblouse; $55, in sizes 7 to 14. Larkin's knitted merino wool dress, resilient through it all, has a two-piece look—bright navy-blue-and-white striped top, blue box-pleated skirt; $30, in toddler sizes 2 to 4. Her dress, and Cynthia's costume, by Piccolino: Boys & Girls Shop of Bergdorf Goodman. John's suit is his own.

NANCY SIRKIS



Who leads the knitted life

Mrs. R. L. Ireland, III, above, and her daughters, Nancy, 7 (at left), and Judy, 9. Mrs. Ireland—who also has two handsome sons—is Chairman of the Boys' Club of New York's Spring Dance, to be held at the Plaza on April 25. The dress she wears here is a long, limber stroke of heather-pink flat knitted wool, shaped by two slanted seams at the front. By Kimberly, $55. At Altman's. Nancy's and Judy's dresses are pimiento-red knitted cotton, with a row of buttons, a streak of red-and-white ribbon banding; two small inverted pleats for mobility (as in roller-skating). The girls' dresses, by Alyssa, in sizes 7 to 14; each, $9. At Altman's.

Mrs. Adrian P. Reed with her four children, photographed in their pink-brick house in Greenwich—here, the drawing room: blue boiserie, French furniture, and masses of spring flowers. The children, from left to right, are Cynthia, 3; Diana, 4; Alixe, 5; and Michael, 8. Mrs. Reed, a tall attractive blonde, wears a two-piece dress of oatmeal-coloured flat knitted wool—middy top, slender skirt—cut with great ease and dash; by Kimberly, $55. At Lord & Taylor. The little girls are all wearing sleeveless, round-necked dresses of pimiento-red knitted cotton, banded with navy-blue smocking. All by Aileen. Michael's costume is his own.

NANCY SIRKIS



LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES— STRAIGHT-OUT CHARM



Pursuing our point about little girls' clothes: what we like are straighter lines, and an ungimmicky real-life look. Here, two dresses that are blissfully vague about waistlines, and made with the kind of painstaking detail—piping, pint-size bows—that's usually hand-sewn. Both, worn with bright-red ballet shoes. *Above:* Faded blue denim with shoulder-high kick pleats, front and back; navy-blue rickrack. By Girltown, of Concord cotton-and-Arnel denim; in sizes 3 to 6X, about $6, at Bloomingdale's; Halle Bros.; Vandevers. *Right:* A fresh, crisp, pink-and-white cotton seersucker cut in a straight drop to the hipline; and flipped into pleats. Piped, bowed in white; of the little-or-no-ironing school. By Robert Love, 3 to 6X, about $8, at Best & Co.; Hutzler's; Hudson's. Ballet shoes on these, the next two pages, by Selva Dancewear.

BERT STERN



LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES— STRAIGHT-OUT CHARM



More about non-fussy dressing—along crisper, straighter lines. What these dresses haven't got: waistlines —and that figures, since little girls don't have them either. Again, they're worn with red ballet slippers. *Above:* Pale-pink Belgian linen dress that checks out this way: no sleeves, four crisp pleats—set quite far apart and sliced only as high as the hipline. Belted at the back and saddle-stitched in a deeper pink. By Diorette, of Sichel fabric; in sizes 4 to 6X, about $18. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Right:* Blue-and-white striped dress with pleats that fan out from a high yoke—each, framed with precise red piping and punctuated by a bright red button. By Kate Greenaway, of Lowenstein cotton chambray; sizes 3 to 6X, about $5 (in sizes 2 to 3X, about $4). Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros.

BERT STERN



The climate of good fashion

Here, in Yucatan where—a few milleniums back—
the Mayas were greats of stars, stone, and science



In Yucatán, monumental remains of Mayan civilization lure travellers—even those who don't usually dig ruins. To see there: art, sculpture, astronomical time studies of IBM-precision, all ranked among the greats. To take there: clothes that are unwilting about tropical climate, like these cool dalmatian silks. At right, a dress (and three-quarter coat, not shown), of black and white silk zibeline. By Christian Dior-New York. At Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Black straw cartwheel hat by Emme. Left, a sleeveless dress and jacket in navy blue and white. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of Staron silk; at Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Hat by Lilly Daché. Gloves by Wear-Right. Photographed at El Castillo pyramid in Chichén Itzá—magnificent stonework, more amazing since Mayan stonecutters worked without metal tools. (Scientists are now revising their age-guess of Mayan culture; recent findings in Yucatán indicate an extra 2,000 years of civilization.)

BRUCE DAVIDSON


BRUCE DAVIDSON

Good fashion climate: long dinner suits

Important now: the long, narrow dinner suit in three pieces —an idea that's especially wonderful for travel. Both of these, coolly unmussable. Far left, white worsted-and-silk, with a pale-blue silk blouse. By Frank Starr, of William Rose fabric; about $225 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Photographed at Uxmal. This page, a long dinner suit in pink, with aquamarine blouse. Suit by Mademoiselle Ricci, in Staron's Barbacane of Fibranné; blouse of acetate-and-rayon crêpe. About $190 at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Joseph Fleischer hairpieces. The background: the House of Pigeons at Uxmal, full of carved roosting-places.

Crisp red sleevelessness here—wonderful hot-weather thoughts, especially with the touch of sparkling white hats. The dress, near right, lacquer red with a waist that lifts at front, drops at the back. This, standing within the columns of the Temple of the Warriors (clean-cut edges and excellent mortar still surviving) at Chichén Itzá, another ancient city-centre called the Mecca of the Mayas for its ceremonial rites—spectacular, though vexing for sacrificial victims. Dress by Talmack, in Staron's Barbacane of Fibranne; about $160 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Hat: Ed Baynard. Farther right, more crispness—a sleeveless straw-woven suit of raspberry red with braid buttons, rounded skirt. By Ben Zuckerman, in Staron's Machicoulis of Fibranne; about $190. Trifari earrings. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit: Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hat by Sally Victor. Background: the Nunnery Quadrangle, at Uxmal.

Good fashion climate: straw-weave freshness

BRUCE DAVIDSON



White, left, shaped in the princesse manner, with a jot of extra width at the [illegible] the right coat-life for any climate that involves an evening breeze, whether it's a sun-country winter or summer in Bar Harbor. By the Wacs, of wool-and-Orlon ottoman (Hurel fabric); about $225. Hat: Christian Dior-New York. Both, at Henri Bendel. Coat: Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; Frederick & Nelson. Right, white silk chiffon for a gala night in any climate. The top is V'd, narrowly shirred; very full skirt. By Ben Reig; at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. In the background: the Group of the Thousand Columns, at Chichén Itzá.

Good fashion climate: white evenings



BRUCE DAVIDSON


VOGUE PATTERN 5779

VOGUE PATTERNS



News in anyone's climate: the pullover dress

Overblouse day-looks with 1963 fashion presence; they peel to slivery, unsleeved dresses. In grainy silk—as here—great for travel. Both from Vogue Patterns. *Left:* This season's important shirt-look—straight middy, pulled on over a slim dress. Vogue Pattern 5779 in grainy blue-green silk by Couleur. Earrings by Cadoro; gloves by Dawnelle. Both at Altman's. *Right:* Shifty sheath with a high, ovalled neckline; easy pullover, scooped. Vogue Pattern 5827 in a rippled melon-coloured silk by Chardon-Marché. Hat: Christian Dior-New York; at Bonwit Teller. Van Raalte gloves: Tailored Woman. Photographed in an old, old market place at Tlacolula, a transistor-sized Mexican village near the famous Mitla ruins. A car-hop away is Oaxaca, a dream of a resort in a fertile valley, with sixteenth-century houses, air so pure you want to wrap yourself in it. (Mexican travel notes on page 58). *Other pattern views, sizes, page 168*

BRUCE DAVIDSON

VOGUE'S OWN MENU

SPRING LUNCHEON FOR SIX

VOGUE'S OWN MENU

MENU

FILLETS OF TROUT IN RED WINE ASPIC*
PURÉE OF SPINACH
HORSERADISH SAUCE

PULIGNY-MONTRACHET

HAM IN CREAM*
NEW POTATOES IN JACKETS
ASPARAGUS VINAIGRETTE
CORN WAFERS*

MACÉDOINE OF FRESH FRUIT
MADELEINES*

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

TROUT IN RED WINE ASPIC
FOR SIX PEOPLE

6 5-ounce trout
Court-bouillon: 2 cups seasoned red wine; 2 cups water; 1 medium onion, sliced; 1 carrot, sliced; 2 stalks celery with leaves; bouquet garni with dill.
1 egg white
1 package unflavoured gelatine
Salt and pepper
6 sprigs dill Lemon slices
6 tomatoes, filled with horseradish and sour cream

Prepare court-bouillon in a long pan. Simmer 15 minutes. Wrap fish side by side in cheesecloth long enough for ends to overlap pan. Liquid should half cover the fish. Add a little wine or water if needed. Simmer fish 5 minutes, basting frequently. Turn fish, simmer 3 minutes more. Remove fish from broth and lift carefully from cheesecloth. Skin the fish and cool. Add more wine and water to bouillon to make 2 cups. Beat egg white and add to the cooled broth. Bring to a boil, whipping gently. Simmer 10 minutes. Strain broth through cold wet cheesecloth, laid in the finest strainer. Dissolve gelatine in ½ cup cold water; add to broth. As aspic thickens, glaze the fish. Lay on dill and slices of lemon. Add more glaze. Arrange trout on platter and surround with the tomatoes and the remaining aspic, jellied and beaten with a fork.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

HAM IN CREAM
FOR SIX PEOPLE

3 ½-inch slices boned ham
5 tablespoons butter
2 shallots or 1 medium onion, chopped
½ cup semi-dry white wine
Freshly ground pepper
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups hot milk
⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese
½ cup heavy cream

Preheat oven to 375°. Use 1 tablespoon butter to grease baking pan. Add shallots and lay ham slices on them. Pour over the wine. Grind pepper over the ham and place a buttered piece of waxed paper over it. Bake for 25 to 30 minutes. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour, and cook gently for about 3 minutes, stirring a little. Add the liquor from the ham pan and the shallots to the hot milk, and pour into the flour and butter. Stir until smooth. Simmer a few minutes; add the cheese and cream. Correct the seasoning. Pour a little of the sauce into a long oven-to-table dish. Place the ham slices, overlapping, on this, and cover with the remaining sauce. The recipe may be made ahead to this point. Heat the oven to 425° and reheat for about 10 minutes or until bubbly and golden.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

CORN WAFERS
FOR SIX PEOPLE

1 cup yellow cornmeal
1 cup milk
1 cup water
2 tablespoons sugar
2 eggs
1½ cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ pound butter, melted and cooled

Combine milk, water, sugar, and eggs in a blender. Blend 30 seconds. Combine the flour, cornmeal, and salt. Turn on blender and pour in gradually. Add melted cooled butter. Pour mixture into 2 greased 10 x 15 jelly-roll pans. Bake in a preheated 375° oven until golden (about 40 minutes). Cut into serving squares while warm. Keep warm until serving time.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

MADELEINES
ABOUT FORTY LITTLE CAKES

1½ sticks sweet butter, clarified
⅔ cup sugar
3 large eggs
4 tablespoons clarified butter for pans
2 teaspoons grated lemon or orange rind
1¼ cups sifted cake flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
Salt

Melt the butter slowly so it does not cook but simply liquefies. When melted, strain into a clean pan without letting any of the watery, milky residue through. With a pastry brush, coat 2 sets of the smallest Madeleine moulds twice with butter. (Each mould has 12 shells.) Place sugar and eggs in a 2-quart mixing bowl and beat until they form a ribbon. By then the mixture will have quadrupled in volume. Add the lemon or orange rind. Sift flour, salt, baking powder together. Sift gradually over the eggs, and fold in gently with a wooden spoon. Stir the butter gently into the mixture. Place a scant tablespoon of batter in each little shell, or fill ⅔ full. Bake on the top rung in a preheated 350° oven for about 12 minutes, or until pale gold. Remove from the mould right away and cool on racks. Wash moulds, dry well, butter, and repeat until the batter is used up. Dust with powdered sugar. Store in a tin box.

(Continued from page 116)

wheels of chance, clay pigeons to shoot, and music for dancing; guests came in costume, the *churros* and *churras* and *majas* of the Goya cartoons. Summer buffet luncheons generally start with a gazpacho, often a marvellous white almond gazpacho that looks like vichyssoise. Then comes a paella with salad, or a Catalan dish of eggplant, potatoes, and meat cooked in a casserole, with tomato sauce and a little cheese. In May and June, there is delicious asparagus from Aranjuez. Dessert may be strawberries from Aranjuez, or some fruit ice, or the incomparable Spanish melon. The luncheon drink is always *sangría*.

Evenings in Madrid start late—cocktails at nine or later, dinner seldom before ten or ten-thirty—and go on late, with some of the gayest parties given in the city's famous old palaces. For such evenings the women dress magnificently. On page 116, the Countess of Quintanilla wears a marvellous short evening coat embroidered all over in a Paisley design of mauve, grey, coral-pink, crystal, black. At the famous parties given by Mr. Duarte Pinto Cuello, one of Madrid's decorators, guests are lighted in by major-domos holding huge silver candelabra (see also page 116). For this party, the Countess wore a full-length evening coat embroidered in emerald-green flowers on a white paillette ground; under it, a long, slightly Empire evening dress of emerald-green crêpe. One of the Countess's most breath-taking evening looks (on page 117) is an enormous tiered Rodriguez cape of black lace gleaming with jet embroidery, worn with jet drop earrings.

She buys quantities of hats, but leaves most of them in the closet, undisturbed; prefers to wear a hat in her hand, rather than on her head. "The hat I find most useful is the classic black hat rather like a man's Homburg. Since men wear the same hat every day, I don't see why women can't do the same."

Her shoes are made for her at Rango. Riding-boots, and the beautiful close-fitting *polainas*, or soft leather leggings, are made by Garcia.

The Countess loves to change her coiffure ("simple with lots of line")—the more so as she considers her hairdresser, Isaac Blanco, a genius. She often uses postiches and wigs for quick changes, always in the same colour as her own dark hair. In the country, or out shooting, her hair is generally curved back smoothly over her ears and kept in place by a net.

Since she has a fine-textured skin with an amazing sort of natural matte finish, she uses hardly any make-up: a little darkening on the eyes, a bloom of powder, and one of the brownish lipsticks.

She does a great deal of shopping on the telephone—"fortunately, in Spain this is still possible. Also fortunately, I have a maid who is a wizard, and who can whip up a simple dress overnight if it's absolutely necessary."

The Count and Countess's friends are an interesting mix of the talented and attractive people in Spain, including many artists, writers, and actors. The group shown on the terrace of their Madrid house, on page 115, is typical. Mr. Alberto Closas, a well-known actor-director, has his own acting company, and is opening a new theatre called the Teatro Marquina in Madrid in November; Mr. Sebastian Miranda is a sculptor; Mr. Vicente Viudes, a painter; Mr. Luis Escobar, a famous Spanish theatrical director. The Marchioness of Villaverde is the only daughter of General Franco; next to her is the Duchess of Alba.

The Reverend Father Lopez de Toro, Director of the National Library and of the Royal Academy of History, is part of

(Continued on page 161)

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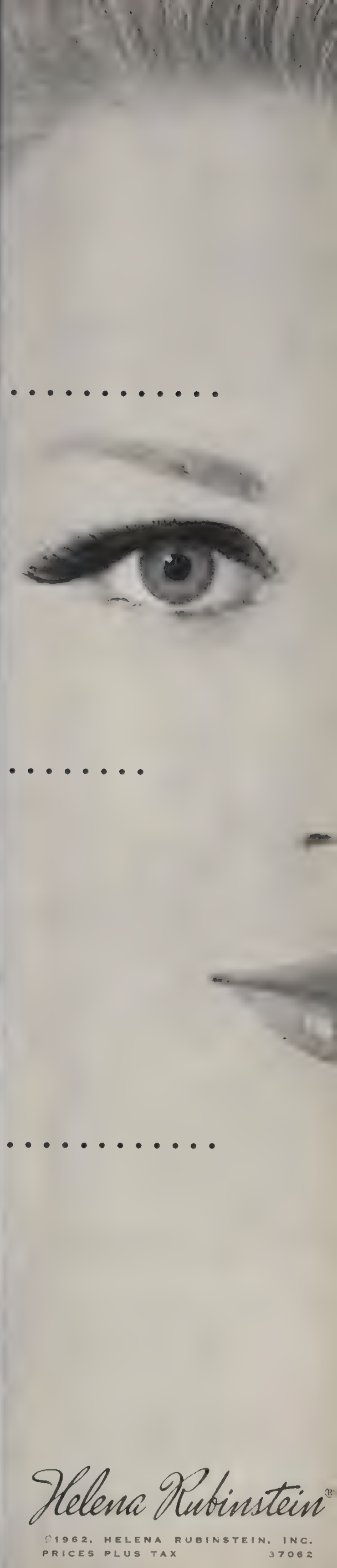
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3-15-63

"MY TWO HOUSES"

(Continued from page 137)

In the country I am able to work for hours on end without interruption. Here I have a large library filled with "research," and from these shelves I shall hope to find inspiration for a reappraisal of my next project, the film of *My Fair Lady*.

Here, across the courtyard, is my studio where the neglected sitters in the easel paintings watch with reproach while theatre models take priority. Discarded snippets of paper, chips of balsa wood, empty tubes of cow gum lie thick on the floor: a last frenzied application of colour to costume sketches continues until the local taxi is at the door. The sketches are still wet as we arrive at Salisbury Station with the dozen baskets now filled with lettuces, sea kale and spinach, double marigolds, sunflowers, red-hot pokers, and the lilies that seem to look best in Pelham Place and now have superseded my former favourites, roses and sweet peas.

The life that I lead in each house really dictates its decoration: in the country there are books everywhere, art folios and albums: there are architectural and dilettante desks, desks for writing and desks for writing letters: and there are large sofas for lolling and deep conversation, and looking at television, and listening to music on the radio or record player relayed through different rooms. Living within ten miles' radius are, perhaps, more interesting people than one could possibly find in any other English county—writers, music critics, publishers, painters, even Cabinet Ministers, and statesmen (names can be supplied on demand from the local house agents), with whom long evenings can stimulate one to ruminate upon things beyond the length of one's nose, or even enlarge one's horizons.

It has often been suggested that the perfect host should sleep in every bedroom in his house so that he can judge if the guests' beds are comfortable, or whether these rooms "work"; I agree with this. In any case, it is good to wake and find oneself in a different setting, and to look at an unexpected effect of light coming through a window. (We all should experiment more with the hours: having unexpected foods at unaccustomed times, getting up in the middle of the night to turn out a cupboard, or going for dawn walks to see the mist rise.)

It is refreshing to the eyes to change one's newsprint: with my country breakfast I read *The Daily Telegraph*, and in London *The Times*. One's eyes enjoy the change of crockery: at Redditch I eat off blue and white china, in London off a Persian set that belonged to my grandmother. My stomach notes the change of diet. (Cornelius, a Dutchman, fills it in London with elaborate pastries and flans; in the country Mrs. Talbot provides boiled beef and vegetables, Irish stew, summer and toffee toast puddings or other such rustic fare.)

In town my ears note the cries of old men with barrows and carts calling their wares. In Broadchalke my ears are conscious of bird song, the passing of the village dogcart or bus, or the clop of someone riding home after the hunt. Even my teeth react to the fact that, during the night, I wear a brace which is ignored during the shorter periods of sleep in London.

My country house is in contrast to my town one, and contrasts are always stimulating. Each week, the change gives me a sense of vacation: even the troubles of one place become less important when one arrives in the next. One should never fall into the habit of making each day similar to the last; as soon as one starts taking anything for granted one is becoming stale. Although the environment may become familiar, the constant change from one house to the other gives one a sense of being alive each day of the week. To have two such delightful houses in my possession is indeed no plague, but a blessing.

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Spring

Spring is a look. A morning dew and evening breeze look. Spring is a feeling...a soft, dreamy, falling in love feeling. Springtime fresh is a complexion that glows like the new season. Skin that is smooth and young looking.

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for complexion and hair

THE NARROWING SEARCH FOR MARVELLOUS HAIR

(Continued from page 109)

lifts the colour for a dark-haired woman. Blond-misting gives the effect of a lighter head to the dark-haired woman who's found that the sharp, sometimes almost harsh demarcation of a dark hair line can lend a certain unwanted angularity to the features. Blond-patterning, newest of all, is a fascinating prospect for the woman whose hair is quite grey but hasn't yet achieved a shining silvery look and probably won't for years. What she can do is this: have all of the still-dark areas of her hair lightened, including the streaks at the back of the head where hair stays darkest longest. Over this, a very pale gold rinse is cast each time her hair is washed. The result is a glistening gloss of silver and white gold; a head that loves the sun (which in turn only gilds the lightened streaks the more). A beautiful, I-defy-you-to-name-it colour, it needs relightening only once every two or three months.

For the woman for whom "there just isn't a permanent wave," there is one. It might be a heat wave instead of the usual cold wave if her hair resists the latter. Or it might be a permanent-wave solution boosted with a high-protein ingredient. Or, instead of the usual cold wave, a process involving tiny, tightly-rolled curlers and a weakish solution, it might be the less-usually-used *reverse* process which involves big, graduated curlers and a strong solution, a quick process that seems more like a set than a permanent wave, but lasts—for the woman for whom it's right—up to three months. One new permanent wave: a process emanating from Paris which permanents only the hair next to the scalp and leaves the rest of the lock alone—the purpose of this, to give the hair spring and bulk at the scalp but allow the rest to remain silky and straight.



New blondes turning Botticelli

What fabric is to a fashion designer, hair is to a coiffeur—its texture, colour, flexibility together provide the material for ideas. On seeing the new galaxy of muted pale Pearl Blondes by Clairol (see page 109) Michel Kazan turned out a series of coiffures which he calls "Botticelli haircuts."



Thickened coils, springing curls, tendrilled wisps were Kazan's enthusiasms, with day and night Primaveras emerging from his salon. Here, two: the coiffure above designed particularly for evening; the one below, designed not only for day, but presumably, for days spent swimming. Both, worked with hair made cloud-pale with pearly tinting.

BRIAN



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Introduces

The Spring Wool Knit Costume.

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Winston-Salem, N.C. ..... L. Roberts
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(Continued from page 157)

the circle of scholars and Latinists whom the Countess has encountered through her interest in the study of ancient manuscripts, which began when she started to investigate "the history of our mysterious and strange house on the property of Pascualete." To translate family documents—all in ancient script—she had to explore the complexities of Spanish writing from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Her first book on the subject has just been accepted by the English editor John Murray, and will be published next summer.

On quite another wavelength, the Quintanillas and their friends are addicted to flamenco. They go often to the night place El Duende, where guitarists, singers, and dancers sit on stage in a semicircle in straight wooden chairs; the girls in Sevillana ruffles, the men in tight trousers, short jackets, and Cordoba skimmers. A singer starts with a high flamenco chant. Guests watch from tables, and as the evening progresses, begin to clap the beat while the guitarists pluck and the dancers start their *zapateos,* the clicking steps and swirling turns, perhaps, of the Sevillanas. Flamenco devotees keep silent during the performances, following the steps intently, *olé* for special dancers. At El Duende the guests rarely dance, but occasionally towards the end of the evening a few couples may do a kind of rhumba flamenco. Some Spanish women are experts—the Duchess of Alba and the Viscountess of Villamiranda, when they dance flamenco at private parties, rate the Spanish compliment, "Tiene aire"—"she has great style."

The Countess of Quintanilla, though she says she dances badly, likes the music so much that each of her sons, since the age of four, has been given guitar lessons—"I have my own flamenco at home whenever I wish."

About bullfighting, she says with conviction: "For me it is the best of shows, and of all the most extraordinary." Antonio Ordoñez, the famous matador, is a personal friend of the Quintanillas, and he and the Countess are what is called in Spain "compadres"—he is godfather and she godmother to the baby of Lola Flores, the fiery and brilliant flamenco dancer.

Some of the most exciting bullfights in Madrid are held in May, during the feast of the patron Saint Isidro, and every year, in April, the Count and Countess go to the Feria at Seville, where the bullring is considered the most beautiful in Spain. In the Paseo, "everyone rides in the ancient Andalusian costume and only people on horseback, in carriages or on foot are allowed inside the Feria; cars are prohibited. The horses and mules are always the most beautiful to be found in Andalusia, and their manes are beribboned—the ones that pull the carriages usually have plumes as well."

The partridge-shooting season, for which Spain is famous and which attracts sportsmen from all over the world, begins at the end of September and ends on the fifth of February. Game is so plentiful that it's not uncommon for a party of ten or twelve guns to bring down around seven hundred partridges in one day; the record shoot was probably one held in Mudela, near Granada, where 4,600 partridges were shot in one day by twelve guns. After a shoot, each guest is generally given a present of half a dozen partridges, and the rest are sold by the host to cover some of the expenses of the day's sport.

The partridge shoot begins at half past nine or ten. Everyone gets up early, for Spain, and has a large breakfast—also unusual in Spain. The dishes served generally include fried eggs with fried bread-crumbs, many kinds of sweet cakes and biscuits, breads and jams, black coffee and thick chocolate.

After breakfast they start out—with dogs, loaders, and beaters, called *ojeadores*—for the butts, where the dogs are tied up until they're needed to retrieve the game. If the butts are far away, guests may ride in jeeps; and there are always horses and donkeys available for riding during the day, as different areas are beaten in succession.

The day is divided into five beats, three in the morning and two in the afternoon; in between, lunch is served in the open air.

Big game shooting, also famous and excellent in Spain, goes on mainly in the more mountainous areas. Deer are plentiful in the Sierra Morena near Cordoba, deer and wild boar in the mountains near Toledo, wild goat and bear in Asturias. At these hunts, everyone rides horses, mules, or donkeys to the butts, which are generally high in the mountains. The field may consist of as many as fifty guns, and up to three hundred and fifty dogs are used.

Although the Countess of Quintanilla finds big game hunting "fine and exciting," she admits to some alarm at the wild boars. Every year she and her husband go to a hunt given by the matador Luis Miguel Dominguin in the mountains near Cordoba, at which about a hundred head of game are bagged.

In the summer, or non-hunting months, the Quintanillas often go to the Costa del Sol on Spain's Mediterranean coast. At Marbella they are now building a Moorish house—"because you look across at Africa."

Justin McCarty



Charter

City Seersucker . . . three piece suit in Charter's cool blend of cotton and Arnel triacetate, the black collared jacket worn crisply over the scoop-neck overblouse. Traveller's checks in brown, green, grey. 8 to 18. About $40.

BULLOCK'S—WILSHIRE

LOS ANGELES



BARON EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD'S PARTY

One Hundred Hours at Mégève

BY FRANÇOISE DE LANGLADE

At the beginning of December, rumours began that Baron Edmond de Rothschild planned to give, as a début for his freshly remodelled and especially French Mont d'Arbois Hotel above Mégève, a one-hundred-hour ski weekend. The talk was everywhere: who would and would not be invited; what—if we *were* invited—to take along.

When invitations finally arrived, we learned that the already famous house party would begin the evening of January 17, end at midday on January 22. We accepted—about two hundred and forty of us—and promptly received telegrams from Edmond de Rothschild to say how pleased he was.

As it worked out, everything about the party was exactly that beautifully done, that thoughtful. The hundred hours were extraordinary, unforgettable, and, above all, amusing. For eighty of the Paris guests, the Baron de Rothschild had chartered a special Constellation, to leave Paris at five the afternoon of the 17th; a faster Caravelle left a short time later, so that the planes would arrive simultaneously.

At the Geneva airport, where we discovered another clutch of guests just flown from Rome, we were met by hostesses: each dressed in a grey flannel Chanel-like suit, each equipped with labels—"*Les Cent Heures du Mont d'Arbois: Hotel du Mont d'Arbois*"—for baggage. They tagged everything immediately; no bother with customs. Before we quite knew it, we (and our luggage) were in special taxis—each with the legend "*Les Cent Heures du Mont d'Arbois*" on a yellow background with a small blue stripe (the Rothschild colours)—and off from Geneva to Mégève. (About one and a half hours in good weather, two hours in snowy.)

When we arrived at the hotel—built on Mont d'Arbois, a five-minute ride from Mégève—luggage disappeared, rooms were assigned, and the general idea was to make ourselves pretty for dinner.

Just remodelled by two young French decorators, Didier Aaron and Alain Demachy, the hotel seemed marvellous: the small rooms done in natural woods, modern and comfortable bathrooms, excellent service, two or three bars, a projection room, a card room, a swimming pool, a gymnasium, a sauna, a good masseur and masseuse, a hairdresser, a shop full of ski things—as well as, minutes away, the good Mégève shops. And, above all, quiet, total isolation.

Our rooms delighted us: each with an enormous basket of presents—all we needed for winter sports and all we might have forgotten: creams for sunburn, for windburn, for the lips; hair spray, rouge, cologne, a Porthault washcloth, Guerlain soap, bonbons, books—funny books, sexy books, mystery books. Next to the basket: champagne in a silver ice bucket.

Carefully, Baron Edmond watched the arrivals with smiles

and words for everyone; at eleven almost every guest went to bed, as we had been warned that skiers would have, at nine the next morning, fifteen instructors at their disposal.

Not everyone skied, of course. For Edmond de Rothschild and for Alain Duchemin and Georges Cravenne, the pair who organized this weekend with him, the next day's problem was quite simply this: to entertain, from morning until deep into night, two hundred and forty guests. They managed it, completely. Breakfast arrived with a newspaper and a program for the day—a day scheduled to begin (for non-skiers) at a civilized eleven A.M. with a sleigh ride around Mont d'Arbois. Then we could watch some celebrated French skiers race; lunch could be had not only in the grill but either on the terrace of "Les Mandarines," the first mountain stop, or higher up at a small restaurant called "l'Ideal Sport." At either three-thirty or five-thirty we could watch the French premiere of *Landru*, an amusing Chabrol movie written by Françoise Sagan; at five, the Baron Edmond's mother, the Baronne Maurice de Rothschild, cut a ribbon to open the indoor pool. After that: a scheduled (Continued on next page)



Vicomtesse Edouard de Ribes (left) and Mrs. Giovanni Agnelli, in the Hotel Mont d'Arbois grill.



Mr. Gilbert Graziani (left), Mr. Oleg Cassini (centre), and Giovanni Agnelli (right): photographed in the grill.



Mrs. Robin Douglas-Home, the writer's wife; shown with Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, publisher of the *Queen* in London.

The actress Romy Schneider with, in the background, the French actor Alain Delon: at Régine.



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BARON DE ROTHSCHILD'S PARTY

(Continued from page 163)



Miss Brigitta Laaff, who is engaged to marry Gunther Sachs von Opel; photographed on a Mont d'Arbois slope with three of the ski instructors.

Miss Camilla Pecci-Blunt, with Mr. Giovanni Agnelli on one of the good skiing days. (Only one day was less than perfect.)



The Baron Edmond de Rothschild and his mother, the Baronne Maurice de Rothschild, as she cut the ribbon to open the indoor swimming pool.



swimming exhibition and some non-scheduled throwing of people in the pool.

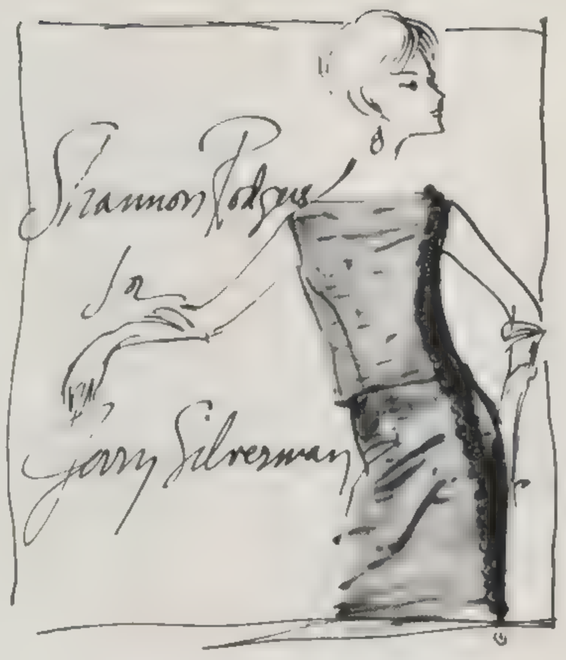
For dinner that evening—quite gay, with a fondue, cold ham and salad, lots of wine and the traditional kirsch—we split into two groups: the younger crowd downstairs at Régine, a night place run by the owner of Chez Régine and New Jimmy's in Paris; the rest of us upstairs, at a restaurant given over for these four days to Moustache.

After dinner, we all drifted downstairs to Régine. At first a small orchestra played twists; later a record-player played twists, everyone danced, and Claude Defi, one of Sacha Distel's accompanists, caricatured—with a black leather jacket, a gold chain, a candle for a microphone, and much rolling on the floor—an American singer, Vince Taylor.

Saturday began with a ski race among the guests, men and women competing separately. The winning skiers: Jacqueline de Ribes (with no one close) and Gunther Sachs von Opel, followed closely by twenty-one-year-old Bernard de Ganay.

That night's dinner—the only official dinner of the weekend, with the Préfet de la Haute Savoie and Geoffroy de Courcel, the French Ambassador to London—both began and ended dazzlingly. First we had drinks in the bar—the men in black tie and many of the women in long woollen skirts with amusing blouses of printed chiffon, white organza, black jersey. (Marella Agnelli wore a long Balenciaga evening suit of pale-blue wool.) Through the bar windows we watched eighty fine skiers who traced a slow single line down the slope with their torches, arriving finally just out-

on page 19



SHANNON RODGERS FOR JERRY SILVERMAN

Pullover chic goes into late-day and later . . . with this beautifully moulded over-blouse dress of textured silk with ball fringing. Rose of Sharon, Irish Peach, Galway Blue, Limerick Gold, Shannon Green. Sizes 6 to 16. About $90, at these fine stores.

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Minneapolis, Minn.	Harold's
Nashville, Tenn.	Gus Mayer
New Orleans, La.	Gus Mayer
Norfolk, Va.	Nicholson & Marks
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Al Rosenthal
Philadelphia, Pa.	Bonwit Teller
Pine Bluff, Ark.	Garnette Mullis
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Portland, Ore.	Best's Apparel
Providence, R. I.	Martin Barnes
Richmond, Va.	Montaldo's
Ridgewood, N. J.	Jenny Banta
Roanoke, Va.	Samuel Spigel
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Rockford, Ill.	Ursula Stuart
Salisbury, Md.	Anny Godsey
San Francisco, Calif.	Joseph Magnin
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St. Louis Park, Minn.	John W. Heller
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Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Whitefish Bay, Wis.	Peg Bradley
Wilmington, Dela.	Purple Door
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Montaldo's

side the windows. To end the dinner, a magnificent splash of fireworks for a fireworks weekend.

Sunday morning's program: a ride in a pretty sleigh, all yellow and blue flowers; we lunched, in fine weather, on the terrace at Les Mandarines. For skiers who wanted to try the harder slopes, a helicopter hopped between the hotel and the crest of the mountain; in the afternoon the helicopter dropped parachutists, all in white, gliding superbly and opening their red-and-white parachutes only moments before they landed at our feet on the hotel terrace. After that: the first French screening of *Requiem for a Heavyweight.*

All day, there was as well a certain flurry about that night's Tahitian dinner. A room had even been stocked with costumes, and we chose—with intermittently ravishing and incredible results—from among miles of Tahitian cotton, leis, sandals, brilliant shirts, and pants.

At eight-thirty the party began: all oranges and pinks, with low tables and mattresses around the pool, candles, and a Tahitian orchestra. (The idea: to teach us to dance Le Tamouré.) Sooner or later, the inevitable happened: everyone got thrown into the pool. When water streamed over everything and all the women had long wringing hair, we changed into slacks to dry out around the fireplace in the bar. Within an hour; no traces of water, and few traces of the Tamouré steps we had tried so valiantly to learn. At one-thirty: scrambled eggs, and bed.

On Monday, the program calmed down: skiing, walks, lunch on the terrace, and a projection of a movie about the weekend, filmed especially for Edmond de Rothschild and to be synchronized, cut, and arranged by Claude Chabrol.

It had been, indeed, a marvellous hundred hours. On the next day, Tuesday, the chartered planes lifted—and we were on our way home to England, to Italy, to America, to Paris.



Miss Ivy Nicholson, who was photographing for *Women's Wear Daily.*

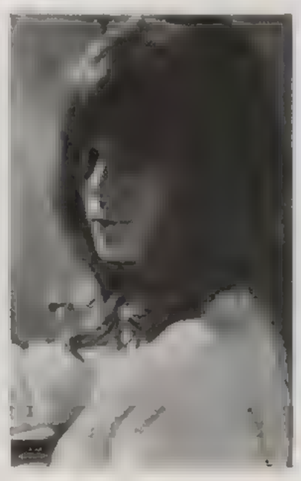


Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, on the terrace up at the restaurant, Les Mandarines.

Mrs. Hugo Gouthier, with Mr. Yash Gawronski; in the background, the Baron Alain de Gunzburg.



Françoise Dorléac, the actress who played the rôle of *Gigi* in Paris.



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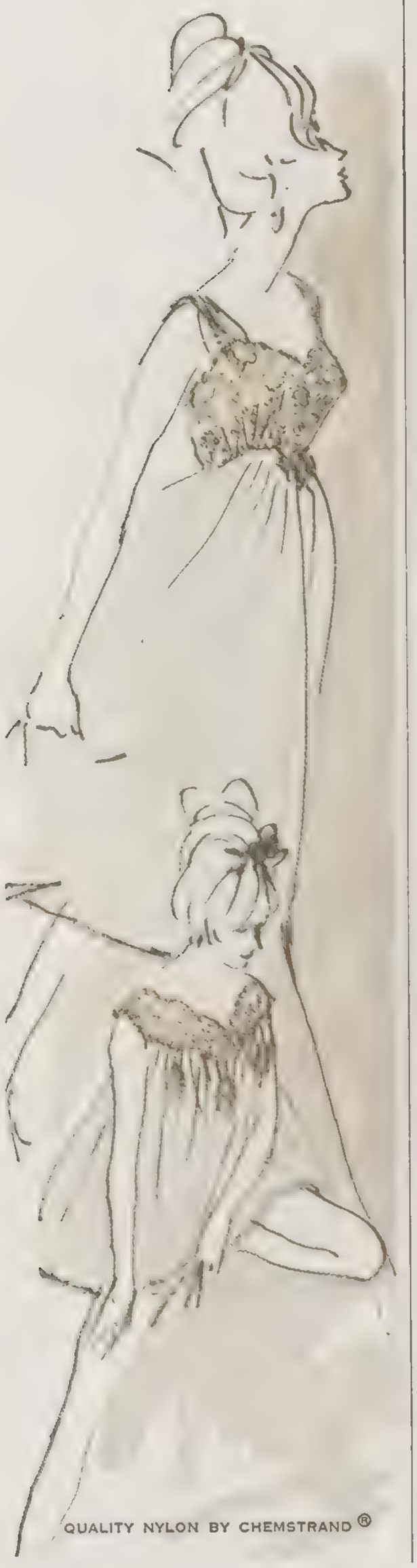
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THE HEAD THAT FITS THE





"There's never any hair news in the Paris Collections," the cry used to be—with explanation: "It's never anything but French twists, so the mannequins can make fast changes." Unnerving as ever this spring were the required clothes-changes and pace of showing. What changed was the rôle of the Paris Collections as a source of coiffure news. Out of the hairdressing that gave each look a top proportion of its own (a proportion supplied almost across-the-board by Alexandre), came one basic idea: a short, slicked, little-boy-cropped head to which was added pop-on topknots, fantasie pony tails, marvellous exotic ornaments shaped like butterflies, lilies, palm-frond basketry weavings, all made of real hair, lacquered, and fastened on for evening. On this page, the evening heads of the collections; across the way, the way those heads appeared with day tailleurs. ***Infanta head,*** above: two great carvings of dark hair, almost glazed, very still. Alexandre for Dior; the mannequin, the Argentine Kouka. ***Topknot,*** above left, popped on the perfect basic cut—a chopped-in cut worn by Dior's mannequin Mickey; this, for Dior's beaded-top long evening dress. ***Japonica flower,*** above right: pinned at an Oriental angle, a flower spread open, each petal made of real hair, lacquered. Alla wears it for St. Laurent. Alexandre coif. ***Ming princess,*** left: hairpiece or hair piled up for evening for Simonetta. ***Hair bow.*** Alexandre's flat bow made of real hair; at Dior.



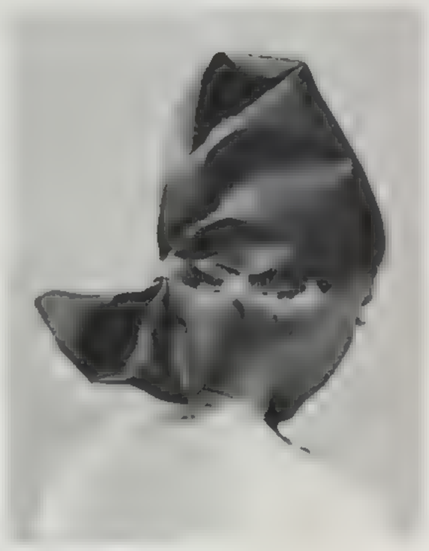




HATAMI

PARIS DESIGNER'S DREAM





For day in Paris, hair was cropped in, chopped in, held in. Sometimes a hard little bun of hair was fastened on top and propped up a hood. Hats sat well. Everything made its point, completed a statement. Plainly on the white wave-length: white organdie that rose like fresh white tissue paper; white piqué; immaculate white foulard. ***Cornucopia-ed white organdie,*** above. A length of organdie making the rounds as a turban; the streamers tied with one end flipped up into a tissue-papery scoop to hold a handful of lilies of the valley. St. Laurent collection; wearing the hat here, Victoire, St. Laurent's top mannequin and salon directrice. ***Looped scarfs,*** above right. Black foulard double scarf pulled across the head and looped under at back. By Grès, to wear for day with the alluring little dresses and suits that broke into crenellated hems. ***White straw; white organdie,*** centre, right. Moving in the fragrance of starch and sun: St. Laurent's chalk-striped suit with white hat, organdie cravat and buttonhole. Victoire wears it in this snapshot. ***White double linen hood,*** right. At Venet, the marvellous whiteness: white suiting linen folded in and under the cardigan neckline of suit jacket or black mackintosh, the hood stiff enough to stand alone (and squarely) at the back. ***White helmet,*** left. Also from St. Laurent, also worn by Victoire, a hat shaped like a Greek soldier's helmet; perfect for the many navy-blue, greige, and coloured suits in the collection. (All of these photographs, snapped as the mannequins moved through the salons at the press showings.)











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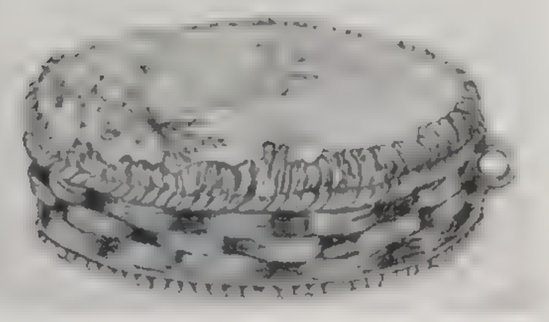
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*U.S. Patent #2,585,262 Lycra Spandex and Nylon

IN AND OUT OF SALONS





ED KASPER

The newest way to carry perfume is in a compact. Two Mary Chess scents have been translated into rich, amber creams (to smooth on at pulse spots) and installed in small baroque compacts that look like old gold (right). The round one, studded with bogus jewels, holds Tapestry Cream Perfume; the oval compact (that's a Fragonard scene on the porcelain lid) is loaded with White Lilac; $5* each, at Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin; Neiman-Marcus.

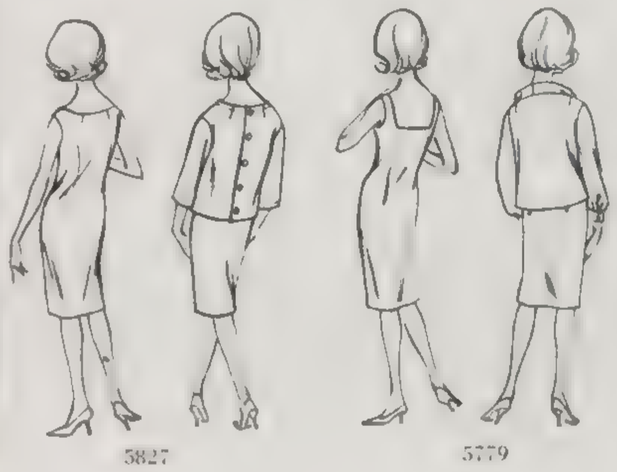
A night cream that was one of the hormone pioneers—Bonne Bell's Plus 30—has just been revamped. It's now lighter and filmier, and extra emollients and moisturizers have been added—as a bonus for dry skins; peach-pink, in a new non-weighty plastic jar, 1¾ oz., $3*. Just added to Bonne Bell's team of medicated make-ups: a pressed powder in a compact. This, good heal-and-conceal coverage for problem complexions; $1.75*.

Further news for problem skin: Revlon has just launched a new lineup of three medicated make-ups—a liquid; a pressed powder in a compact; and a matte make-up in a tube that's powder, foundation, moisturizer, in one. Called Natural Wonder Medicated Make-ups. they're gentle. non-greasy; each in seven shades. The liquid, 1¼ oz., $1.65*; matte, 1¾ oz., $1.65*; powder, ¾ oz., $1.65*.

One of the newest of the short coiffures is hemmed so that it's shortest at the back. The hair is straight and unlayered, sheared off just below the ears at the sides, but in back it clears the nape of the neck. Called the "turnabout," this was designed by a young Frenchman, Pierre Henri. His salon reflects his taste: a kind of Provence-farmhouse-with-driers—beamed ceilings, chalk-white walls, walnut woodwork. Pierre Henri, 13 W. 57th St., N. Y.

*PLUS TAX

VOGUE PATTERNS (Continued from pages 154-155, other views, yardages, details)



5827 5779

Far left: Dress and back-buttoning overblouse: Vogue Pattern 5827, Easy to Make. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 4⅛ yards of 39″ fabric with nap. Price, $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

Near left: Middy-ish pullover, slim dress—short (as here) or ankle-length: Vogue Pattern 5779. Sizes 10 to 18. For size 14 (short version): 4⅜ yards of 39″ fabric without nap. Price, $1.50; in Canada, $1.65.

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THREE PARIS PERFUMES GO AEROSOL



JEAN-LUC BROUILLAUD

Three Paris perfumes, all by Caron, pose here with their latest translation—eau de toilette in aerosol form. What went into the handsome new spray cylinder (besides eau): years of research by Caron—needed to find a foolproof way of changing dab-on scent into whiff-on spray without distortion. So far, three Caron scents are sprayable: Bellodgia (pure carnation), Fleurs de Rocaille (clear, warm, more fruit than flowers), and La Nuit de Noël (a shimmery Oriental). Each, in the 2-oz. cylinder of sculptured gold-coloured metal, $6.50. The refill, $4.50. Both plus tax.

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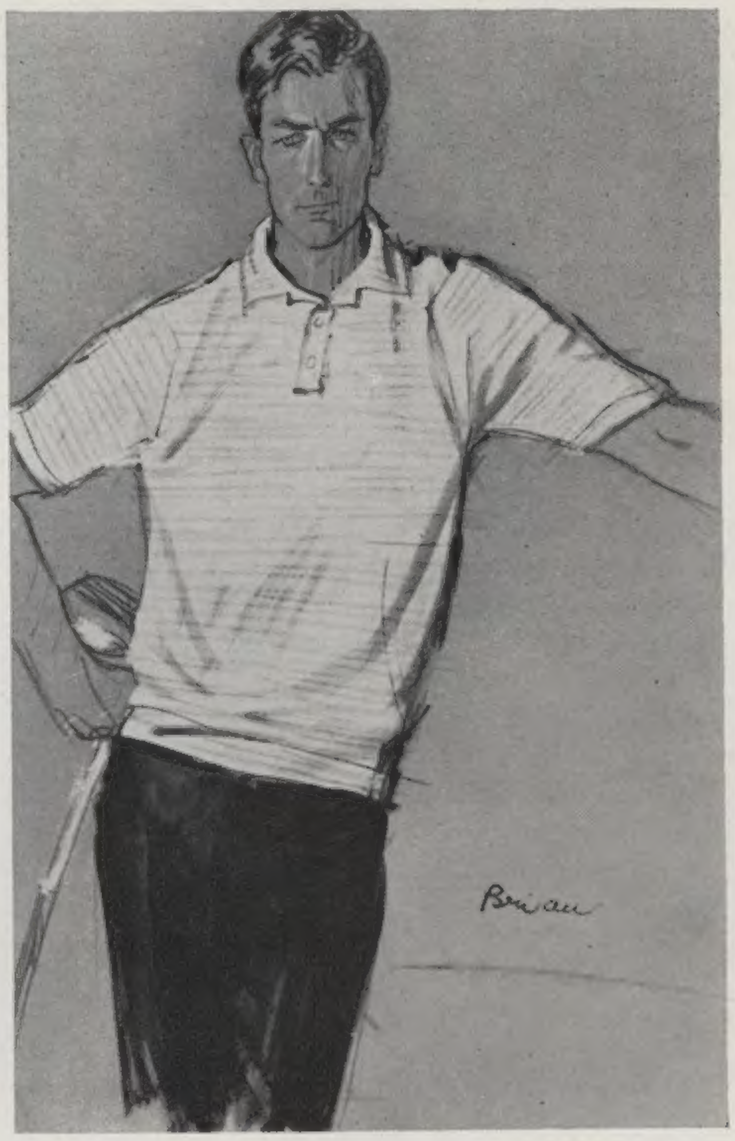
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IN VOGUE FOR MEN

The cool new life of charcoal tan



News in the colour—a handsomely greyed tan; news in the fabrics. For resorts, starting right now; will summer in the north. *Above:* Tweedy sports jacket in charcoal tan nubbed with black; Fortrel, rayon, silk, mixed in a new, light, crisp fabric that travels uncrushably. Three-button, patch-pocket style. By George W. Heller, about $60, at De Pinna; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus. *Below:* White polo shirt with charcoal-tan stripes, in an airy, knitted blend of Dacron and Antron nylon. What it works well with: blazers, chino walking shorts, charcoal-tan slacks. By Alfred of New York, about $11. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Frost Bros.



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